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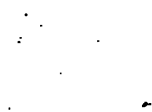
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AN IDYLL OF THE WEALD,

WITH OTHER

LAYS AND LEGENDS.

By THOMAS HERBERT NOYES, JUNR.

AUTHOR OF

"LYRICS AND BUCOLICS."



LONDON:

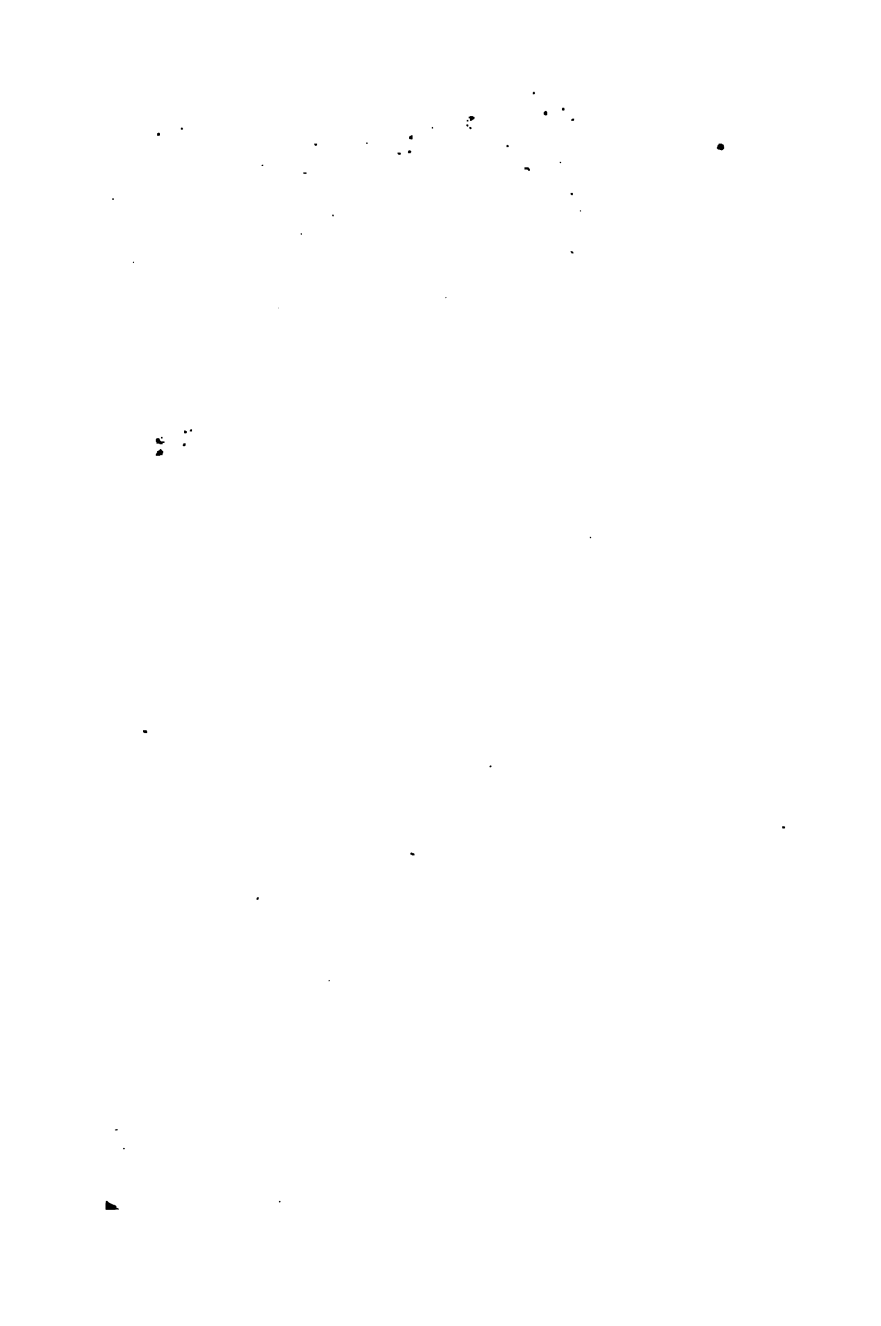
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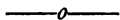
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280. m. 245.



DEDICATION.



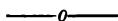
WHEN first upon the unknown Sea of Fame
I launched my rhymes—intent to win a name
Among the bardic choirs, I rather chose
To dedicate my venture to my foes,
Than seek the aid of friendship to protect
My fragile bark from peril of being wrecked.
'Twere well, methought, that it should boldly steer
Amidst the sunken shoals and shallows near
The rock-bound coast, and sink or swim alone
Among the narrows of that wreck-strewn zone,
That so, if it were destined to go down,
No well-beloved passenger might drown :
Or, if it chanced to gain the open seas,
And spread its canvas to the favouring breeze,
The hardy crew, thenceforth devoid of fear,
Might face all future perils with good cheer.

Dame Fortune hailed my venture with a smile,
The breakers roared less loudly for a while ;
What if two harmless squalls swept fiercely by,
The sun ne'er veiled his quickening beams on high ;
What if some fleecy cloudlets gently played
Across his face, they cast a friendly shade ;
The storms were hushed, the tempests ceased to roar,
The wild waves broke less wildly on the shore,
The black rocks reared their heads above the spray,
The ragged reefs forbore to block the way,
The buoys, that rocked upon the gentle swell,
Marked out the maze of devious channels well,
And so my gallant bark steered safely through
The broken waters with her classic crew,
And gentle breezes filled her swelling sails
And wafted to their port her lyric bales.
Now that she weighs her anchor yet once more,
And cheerily prepares to quit the shore,
Not witless of her course, nor unaware
Of all the perils she is doomed to dare,
Why should she fear lest any baleful star
With rays malign her hopeful lot should mar ?

Or why forbear to summon to her side
The friends in whom she feels an honest pride,—
The friends of open heart and genial hand—
Of pleasant smile—a fondly cherished band,—
To line the quays and give a parting cheer
And bid her prosper in her bold career?
No human heart were happy on a throne,
If it were doomed to reign, and reign alone:
All other joys true sympathy transcends,
I'll dedicate this volume to my friends.

13th April, 1868.

CONTENTS.



TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ITALIAN.

A Prelude	Page	1
{ La Primavera— <i>Metastasio</i> , 1719		2
{ Ode to Spring— <i>Ib.</i>		3
{ La Partenza— <i>Ib.</i> 1746		6
{ Adieux— <i>Ib.</i>		7
{ La Liberta— <i>Ib.</i> 1733		12
{ The Pleasures of Liberty— <i>Ib.</i>		13
{ Palinodia— <i>Ib.</i> 1746		20
{ A Recantation— <i>Ib.</i>		21
{ In Lode di Beatrice—Sonnetto— <i>Dante Alighieri</i> , 1321		28
{ To Beatrice— <i>Ib.</i>		29
{ In Vita di M. Laura—Sonnetto xxxix.— <i>F. Petrarca</i> , <i>ob.</i> 1374.		28
{ To Laura—Sonnet xxxix.— <i>Ib.</i>		29
{ In Morte di M. Laura—Sonnetto xxxiv.— <i>Ib.</i>		30
{ To Laura— <i>Ib.</i>		31
{ In Vita di M. Laura—Sonnetto cxc.— <i>Ib.</i>		32
{ To Laura— <i>Ib.</i>		33
{ Tasso — Se duole d'essere stato abbandonato da un Amico nell'Avversità— <i>T. Tasso</i> , <i>ob.</i> 1595		32
{ To a Faithless Friend— <i>Ib.</i>		33
{ In Morte d'un Fanciullo— <i>A. Maffei</i>		34
{ At an Infant's Tomb— <i>Ib.</i>		35

{ Sulla Natura d'Amore—Sonnetto in Dialogo— <i>Serafino Aquilano</i> , ob. A.D. 1500	Page 36
{ The Autobiography of Love—a Dialogue— <i>Ib.</i>	37
{ All' Italia— <i>Vincenzo da Filicaja</i> , ob. 1707	36
{ To Italy— <i>Ib.</i>	37
{ Amor di Donna— <i>Clemente Bondi</i> , ob. 1821	38
{ Pursuit of Perfection— <i>Ib.</i>	39
{ Alla Pace—Sonnetto— <i>Ib.</i>	40
{ Peace— <i>Ib.</i>	41
{ Speranze Deluse— <i>Francesco Coppetta</i> , ob. 1553	40
{ Delusive Hopes— <i>Ib.</i>	41
{ Sonnetto Enigmatico— <i>Autore Incerto</i>	42
{ An Enigma— <i>Anon</i>	43
{ Sestina Irregolare— <i>Angelo Poliziano</i> , ob. 1494	44
{ A Pastoral— <i>Ib.</i>	45
{ Scherzo—Come devesi usar la Gioventu — <i>Francesco Redi</i> , ob. 1698	46
{ Youth is Fleeting— <i>Ib.</i>	47

ODES OF HORACE.

Lydia and Sybaris—Ode i., 8	50
Lalage—Ode i., 22	51
Liberality—Ode ii., 2	52
The Charms of Phillis—Ode ii., 4	53
Horace and Lydia : a Dialogue—Ode iii., 9	54
To Neobule—Ode iii., 12	55
To the Fountain of Bandusia—Ode iii., 13	56
To Melpomene—Ode iv.	57
An Invitation to Virgil—Ode iv., 12	58
To Neæra—Epode 15	59

ODES OF CATULLUS.

On the Death of a Pet Sparrow	61
Inconstancy—Ode cxx.	62
To Lesbia	<i>ib.</i>
Lesbia's Kisses	63

CONTENTS.

ix

ODES OF ANACREON.

My Theme—Ode i.	Page 64
Beauty—Ode ii.	<i>ib.</i>
Cupid's Visit—Ode iii.	65
My Joys—Ode iv.	66
Roses—Ode v.	67
A Masque—Ode vi.	68
Cupid's Raid—Ode vii.	69
My Dream—Ode viii.	<i>ib.</i>
My Dove—Ode ix.	70
On a Waxed Cupid—Ode x.	72
My Age—Ode xi.	<i>ib.</i>
To a Swallow—Ode xii.	73

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

The Three Students— <i>Heinrich Hoffmann</i>	73
Sir Otho's Ave— <i>E. Geibel</i>	76
Charade— <i>Schiller</i>	79
The Bystander— <i>F. Rückert</i>	<i>ib.</i>
Evening— <i>ib.</i>	81
Chidder the Immortal— <i>ib.</i>	83
Barbarossa— <i>ib.</i>	84
Sir Olave— <i>Heinrich Heine</i>	86
The Last Minstrel— <i>Graf von Auersperg</i>	89
An Entertainment— <i>Uhland</i>	91
The Nun— <i>ib.</i>	92
A Psalm of Life— <i>J. G. von Herder</i>	<i>ib.</i>
The Count of Greiers	94
Up and Be Doing— <i>L. Tieck</i>	96
An Autumn Evening— <i>F. V. Matthison</i>	97
The Grave of the Amal— <i>Count V. Platen</i>	98
Abdallah—An Eastern Tale— <i>A. V. Chamisso</i>	99

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE PROVENÇAL.

The Shower of Rain— <i>Pierre Cardinal</i>	III
National Characteristics— <i>Emperor Frederick, the Troubadour</i> ,	113
„ „ Another Version— <i>ib.</i>	114

ORIGINAL POEMS.

AN IDYLL OF THE WEALD, IN SONNETS.

I.—East Mascalls	Page 115
II.—The Owl	<i>ib.</i>
III.—The Architect	116
IV.—The Date	117
V.—The Mascalls	<i>ib.</i>
VI.—The Fisherman	118
VII.—Change	<i>ib.</i>
VIII.—Absence	119
IX.—Local Attachment	<i>ib.</i>
X.—Christmas	120
XI.—Winter	121
XII.—Spring	<i>ib.</i>
XIII.—The Swallow	122
XIV.—The Spring Under the Oak	<i>ib.</i>
XV. Home	123
XVI.—Exile	<i>ib.</i>
XVII.—My Bloodhound	124
XVIII.—Bran	125
XIX.—Childhood	<i>ib.</i>
XX.—Separation	126
XXI.—Wanderings	<i>ib.</i>
XXII.—Yearning	127
XXIII.—The Pilgrim	128
XXIV.—The Desert	<i>ib.</i>
XXV.—The Return	129
XXVI.—Hamilton Herbert Noyes	130
XXVII.—In Memoriam	<i>ib.</i>
XXVIII.—Farewell	131

OCCASIONAL LYRICS, LAYS AND LEGENDS.

Nina	<i>Page</i> 132
Isabelle	134
Baye	135
British Gems	136
The Garden by the Lake	138
Margaret	140
A Missive—To M. A. T.	145
The Response	146
To a Bad Correspondent	147
A Visit to Terling in 1858—A Fragment à la Chaucer	148
The Cedars of Terling	154
Lines Addressed to the Author—in the Name of a tame Bear which had committed Devastation on his Property	156
Response	157
The Franchise	158
Song for the "Farce of Dr. Marigold," Played at Pang- bourne	161
Presentation of Colours to the West Essex Militia—by the Lady Rayleigh, September 25, 1858	162
A Legend of Rousham—Communicated to the Author	167
Dialogue on the Subject of the above Legend	168
To Mary	171
The Orange Flower	175
Can You Ask it?	182
What the Obelisk in Kensington Gardens says	184
Vanity	185
Our Edward	186
The Postman's Welcome	190
The Chronicle of Croquet; or, the Battle of the Cedars	194
Impressions of Egypt in 1859	220
Song of the Nile Dove	228
Philæ	230

Rephidim—from the Legend of the Hoopoes	Page 232
Hymn of Ferân— <i>ib.</i>	233
A Song of Ferân— <i>ib.</i>	235
Gennesareth—Legends of the Lake	236
To Radway Grange—A Sonnet	238
The Radway Obelisk—A Sonnet	239
Forget-Me-Nots—Lines Written for an Air of Mendelssohn's	240
Somme Levis	<i>ib.</i>
The Legend of the Hand: a Myth of Palestine—The Prelude	241
The Legend of the Hand	258

ERRATA.

Page 51. "To Lalage," *dele* "To."

Page 258, line 17. "Breasts," *read* "beasts."

Page 259, { *For* "Deep as the depths of ocean's trackless waves."
line 2. { *Read* "Deep as the caves where sea-nymphs brew the
brine."

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

ITALIAN, GERMAN, PROVENÇAL,

&c., &c.

A PRELUDE.

As the dainty honey-bee,
Darting through the balmy air,
Stops at every flower to see
If the sweets it loves be there ;
Stops and tests each calyx-cup
For its drop of honey dew,
Takes it home to hoard it up
In its waxen cells for you ;
So, where'er I chance to roam,
In the gardens o'er the sea,—
In the realms afar from home,
In the bowers of Poesie,
All the choicest sweets I find
I am ever prone to test ;
In my sanctum I have shrined
Those that seemed to please me best.
Should you list to taste my fare,
Turn, oh, turn the silver key :
I would have you revel there,
In my golden Treasury.

APRIL 3, 1868.

LA PRIMAVERA.

GIA riede Primavera
Col suo fiorito aspetto,
Gia il grato zeffiretto
Scherza fra l'erbe e i fior :
Tornan le frondi agli alberi,
L'erbette al prato tornano,
Sol non ritorna a me
La pace del mio cor.

Febo col puro raggio
Su i monti il gel discioglie,
E quei le verdi spoglie,
Veggonsi rivestir.
E il fiumicel, che placido
Fra le sue sponde mormora,
Fa col disciolto umor
Il margine fiorir.

L'orride querce annose
Sulle pendici alpine
Già dal ramoso crine
Scuotono il tardo gel ;
A gara i campi adornano
Mille fioretti tremuli,
Non violati ancor
Da vomere crudel

ODE TO SPRING.

SEE now sweet spring already
 Among her blossoms smiling,
 Soft zephyrs, care beguiling,
 Sweep lightly o'er the flowers ;
 The trees put forth their foliage,
 The meads put forth their grasses,
 Joy fills all lads and lasses,
 Me only care devours.

The sun upon the mountains
 The frost and snow disperses,
 Kind nature soon disburses
 Her verdant treasures there ;
 The brooklet, silver gleaming,
 Within its channel gushes,
 And scatters reeds and rushes
 About its rocky stair.

Upon the Alpine highlands
 Those gnarled and knotted giants,
 Their ancient feudal clients,
 Shake off the ice with scorn ;
 Bright blossoms in the lowlands
 Soon bid the ploughs defiance,
 In fond and sure reliance
 Upon the smiling corn.

Al caro antico nido
Fin dalle egizie arene :
La rondinella viene,
Che ha valicato il mar ;
Che mentre il volo accelera,
Non vide il laccio pendere,
E va del cacciator
L'insidie ad incontrar.

L'amante pastorella,
Già più serena in fronte,
Corre all usata fonte
A ricomporsi il crin.
Escon le gregge a i pascoli ;
D'abbandonar s'affrettano
L'arene il pescator,
L'albergo il pellegrin.

Fin quel nocchier dolente,
Che sul paterno lido,
Schernò del flutto infido,
Naufrago ritornò ;
Nel rivederlo placido
Lieto discioglie l'ancore,
E rammentar non sa
L'orror che in lui trovò.

E tu non curi intanto,
Fille, di darmi aita ;
Come la mia ferita
Colpa non sia di te ;

To her old cherished corner
Beneath some chimney hollow
Returns the faithful swallow
Across the southern sea,
Who while she hastens homewards,
Devoid of care or sorrow,
Is careless of the morrow
That bodes her only glee.

The lovelorn peasant maiden
Her blushing smiles composes,
And decks with sweet wild roses
Her fountain mirrored hair ;
The flocks all seek their pastures,
The painter takes his pallet,
The pilgrim fills his wallet,
And fishers seaward fare.

Aye e'en the shipwrecked sailor
Who, rescued from the billows,
To his paternal willows
In woeful plight returns,
Rejoicing casts his anchor,
And cares not to brood over
The perils of the Rover
Amid his native burns.

But thou art deaf, my darling,
To all my constant pleading
Altho' my heart is bleeding
From wounds that thou hast made,

Ma se ritorno libero
Gli antichi lacci a sciogliere,
No che non stringerò
Più fra catene il piè.

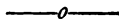
Del tuo bel nome amato,
Cinto del verde alloro,
Spesso le corde d'oro
Ho fatto risonar.

Or, se mi sei più rigida,
Vo'che i miei sdegni apprendano
Del fido mio servir
Gli oltraggi a vendicar.

Ah no; ben mio, perdona
Questi sdegnosi accenti;
Che sono i miei lamenti
Segni d'un vero amor.
S'è tuo piacer, gradiscimi;
Se così vuoi, disprezzami;
O pietosa, o crudel,
Sei l'alma del mio cor.

METASTASIO,

1719.



LA PARTENZA.

Ecco quel fiero istante;
Nice, mia Nice, addio;
Come vivrò, ben mio,
Così lontan da te?

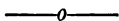
Should I but find some balsam
To heal those wounds without thee,
Thou never more shouldst flout me,
I'd never seek thine aid.

How often wreathed with laurel
Aglow with sacred fire,
I've taught my golden lyre
Thy well beloved name !
But if thou wilt be cruel
I'll cease to curb my passion,
And in unmeasured fashion,
Thy heartlessness proclaim.

Nay, Nay, my love, forgive me
This fit of agitation,
The sudden conflagration
Proclaims how dear thou art :
Whatever be thy pleasure,
However kind or cruel,
Thou art the only jewel
Now treasured in my heart.

METASTASIO,

1719.



ADIEUX.

FAREWELL, the fatal moment
Hath come, my darling Mary,
What shall I do, sweet fairy,
So far away from thee ;

Io vivrò sempre in pene,
Io non avrò più bene ;
E tu,—chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

Soffri che in traccia almeno
Di mia perduta pace
Venga il pensier seguace
Sull' orme del tuo piè.
Sempre nel tuo cammino,
Sempre m'avrai vicino ;
E tu,—chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

Io fra remote sponde
Mesto volgendo i passi,
Andrò chiedendo ai sassi
La ninfa mia dov'è ?
Dall' una all' altra aurora
Te andrò chiamando ognora,
E tu,—chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

Io rivedrò sovente
Le amene piagge, O Nice,
Dove vivea felice
Quando vivea con te ;
A me saran tormento
Cento memorie e cento ;
E tu,—chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

My joys will all be troubled,
My woes will all be doubled,
Yet who can tell if ever
Thou'lt give one thought to me !

My thoughts will haunt thy footsteps,
My truant peace pursuing,
All other paths eschewing,
Thy body guard to be,
Yes, I shall be beside thee,
Whatever may betide thee,
But who can tell if ever
Thou'lt give a thought to me !

While doomed to gnawing sorrow,
In distant lands I wander,
I'll ask the winds that fanned her
Where, where my nymph can be ;
Thy name, all comfort scorning,
I'll call from morn till morning,
Yet who can tell if ever
Thou'lt give one thought to me !

Full often I'll revisit
Those happy spots, my Mary,
Where trouble came so rarely
The while I roamed with thee ;
A thousand memories round me
Will spring up to confound me,
The while who knows if ever
Thou'lt give one thought to me \

Ecco, dirò, quel fonte
Dove avvampò di sdegno,
Ma poi, di pace in pegno
La bella man mi die :
Qui si vivea di speme,
Là si languiva insieme ;
E tu,—chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

Quanti vedrai, giungendo
Al nuovo tuo soggiorno,
Quanti venirti intorno
A offrirti amore e fe !
Oh Dio ! chi sa fra tanti
Teneri omaggi e pianti,
Oh Dio ! chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

Pensa qual dolce strale,
Cara, mi lasci in seno ;
Pensa che amò Fileno
Senza sperar mercè.
Pensa, mia vita, a questo
Barbaro addio funesto ;
Pensa—Ah chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

METASTASIO,

1746.

I'll say, "beside that fountain
She had a fit of passion ;
There in her own sweet fashion
She sealed our amity ;
Reclining on that heather,
We laughed and sighed together,
Now who can tell if ever
Thou wilt give one thought to me !"

In thy new home new suitors
About thy presence flitting,
Will soon be heard submitting
Their suit and fealty ;
Who knows, amidst their whinings,
And pitiful designings,
If thou, my love, wilt ever
Bestow one thought on me !

Remember, O my darling,
How sore my heart was smitten,
Think on the tablets written
Within its sanctuary.
That last adieu so cruel—
Oh ! do not quench its fuel,
And think—ah ! may be, never
Thou'lt think one thought of me !

METASTASIO,

ob. 1782.

LA LIBERTA.

A NICE.

GRAZIE agl' inganni tuoi,
 Al fin respiro, o Nice,
 Al fin d'un infelice
 Ebber gli Dei pietà :
 Sento da' lacci suoi,
 Sento che l' alma é sciolta ;
 Non sogno questa volta,
 Non sogno libertà.

Mancò l' antico ardore,
 E son tranquillo a segno
 Che in me non trova sdegno
 Per mascherarsi amor.
 Non cangio più colore
 Quando il tuo nome ascolto ;
 Quando ti miro in volto
 Più non mi batte il cor.

Sogno, ma te non miro
 Sempre nei sogni miei ;
 Mi desto, e tu non sei
 Il primo mio pensier.
 Lungi da te m' aggiro
 Senza bramarti mai ;
 Son teco, e non mi fai
 Nè pena, nè piacer.

THE PLEASURES OF LIBERTY.

THY wiles be lauded, Mary,
 At length I have won my freedom,
 Thy wiles, may Heaven speed them,
 At length have set me free.
 At last, my fickle fairy,
 I have shaken off my fetters,
 I trace in glowing letters
 That sweet word, liberty.

My ancient ardour is banished,
 My calm wears such a fashion
 That Cupid finds no passion
 His empire to restore ;
 My blushes all have vanished,
 Since I no more adore thee,
 For, when I stand before thee,
 My pulses throb no more.

I dream, but 'tis no longer
 Thy face my dreams discover,
 My fancies never hover
 About thee night or day ;
 In absence grown much stronger,
 I've learnt to do without thee,
 Nor fash myself about thee
 Whatever thou may'st say.

Di tua beltà ragiono
Nè intenerir mi sento ;
I torti miei rammento,
E non mi so sdegnar.
Confuso più non sono
Quando mi vieni appresso ;
Col mio rivale istesso
Posso di te parlar.

Volgimi il guardo altero,
Parlami in volto umano ;
Il tuo disprezzo è vano,
E vano il tuo favor ;
Che più l'usato impero
Quei labbri in me non hanno ;
Quegli occhi più non sanno
La via di questo cor.

Quel, che or m'alletta o spiace,
Se lieto, o mesto or sono,
Già non è più tuo dono,
Già colpa tua non è ;
Che senza te mi piace
La selva, il colle, il prato ;
Ogni soggiorno ingrato
M'annoia ancor con te.

Odi, s'io son sincero :
Ancor mi sembri bella,
Ma non mi sembri quella
Che paragon non ha :

Thy blandishments debating
I dream not of relenting,
My former thrall repenting
When musing of my wrongs ;
My old delusions hating,
I hug my own revival,
Content to see my rival
In raptures at thy songs.

No haughty glance can scathe me
No flattering words deceive me,
Thy anger doth not grieve me,
Thy favours I despise ;
Thy gyves no longer swathe me,
Thy lips have lost their honey,
My heart is cold, tho' sunny
The region of thine eyes.

Whatever pains or pleases,
There's neither joy nor sorrow
That from thy charms I borrow,
I owe thee nothing now ;
The woods, the meads, the breezes,
Without thee breathe their spices ;
Ennui to thy devices
Would never yield, I vow.

Now hear if I am not candid,
For me thou still art comely,
If not, I speak it humbly,
A matchless paragon,—

E (non t'offenda il vero),
Nel tuo leggiadro aspetto,
Or vedo alcun difetto
Che mi pareva beltà.

Quando lo stral spezzai,
(Confesso il mio rossore)
Spezzar m'intesi il core,
Mi parve di morir ;
Ma per uscir di guai,
Per non vedersi oppresso,
Per racquistar se stesso
Tutto si può soffrir.

Nel visco, in cui s'avvenne,
Quell' augellin talora,
Lascia le penne ancora,
Ma torna in libertà :
Poi le perdute penne
In pochi dì rinnova,
Cauto divien per prova,
Nè più tradir si fa.

So che non credi estinto
In me l'incendio antico,
Perchè si spesso il dico,
Perchè tacer non so :
Quel naturale istinto
Nice, a parlar mi sprona,
Per cui ciascun ragiona,
Dei rischi che passò.

Let not my truth be branded,
Nor deem my words invective,
If I vote charms defective
Which once I doted on.

When first I drew thine arrow,
(My shame I am allowing,
In such my woe avowing,
Methought that I should die ;
But tho' it thrilled my marrow,
What bondsman would not suffer
A torture, vastly rougher,
To earn his liberty.

The bird, what time the stripling
Hath limed a twig to bind him,
Will leave his plumes behind him
So freedom he obtain ;
The loss he finds not crippling,
A few short weeks restore him,
Yet caution still broods o'er him,
He'll not be caught again.

What, wilt thou not believe me ?
Or deem the flame extinguished,
And ancient hopes relinquished
For all that I protest ?
My instincts don't deceive me,
Thou knowest all are eager
Past perils, howe'er meagre,
With halos to invest.

Dopo il crudel cimento,
Narra i passati sdegni,
Di sue ferite i segni
Mostra il guerrier così.
Mostra così contento
Schiavo, che uscì di pena,
La barbara catena
Che strascinava un dì.

Parlo, ma sol parlando
Me soddisfare procuro ;
Parlo ma nulla io curo
Che tu mi presti fé.
Parlo, ma non dimando
Se approvi i detti miei,
Nè se tranquilla sei
Nel ragionar di me.

Io lascio un' incostante ;
Tu perdi un cor sincero ;
Non so di noi primiero
Chi s'abbia a consolar.
So che un sì fido amante,
Non troverà più Nice,
Che un' altra ingannatrice,
È facile a trovar.

METASTASIO,

1733.

The warrior in his glory,
So soon his fights are over,
Delighteth to uncover
His honorable scars ;
The captive tells the story
Of all his days of anguish,
In freedom blithe to brandish,
His chains and prison bars.

I speak, 'tis but that speaking,
My own light fancy flatters,
I speak, but little matters
If thou believe or no :
I speak, but little recking
To meet thine approbation,
'Twere but a small ovation,
That thou could'st now bestow.

A worthless link I sever,
Thou'lt lose an honest lover,
And which will first discover
Their loss, full well I know.
A heart so faithful never
Will woo thee, fickle Mary ;
To find as false a fairy,
One has not far to go.

METASTASIO,

1733.

PALINODIA.

A NICE.

PLACA gli sdegni tuoi ;
 Perdono, amata Nice ;
 L'error d'un infelice
 E degno di pietà.
 E ver, dai lacci tuoi
 Vantai che l'alma è sciolta,
 Ma fu l'estrema volta
 Ch' io vanti libertà.

E ver, l'antico ardore
 Celar pretesi a segno,
 Che mascherai lo sdegno
 Per non scoprir l'amor ;
 Ma cangi, o no colore
 Se nominar t'ascolto ;
 Ognun mi legge in volto
 Come si sta nel cor.

Pur desto ognor ti miro,
 Non ch'è nei sogni miei ;
 Che ovunque tu non sei
 Ti pinga il mio pensier.
 Tu se con ti m'aggiro,
 Tu, se ti lascio mai,
 Tu delirar mi fai
 Di pena o di piacer.

A RECANTATION.

APPEASE thy wrath, my Mary,
 I'll boast no more of freedom,
 Thy wiles, I'll say God speed them,
 I care not to be free :
 No more, my sweetest fairy,
 I feel the weight of fetters,
 Nor care to spell the letters
 Of long lost liberty.

I vaunted love was banished
 In so absurd a fashion,—
 'Twas but to hide the passion
 That raged as ne'er before,
 My blushes all had vanished
 Did I no more adore thee,
 But still they blazed before thee,—
 What dost thou wish for more.

In dreams alone no longer
 Thy witcheries I discover,
 My waking fancies hover
 About thee night and day ;
 In absence love grows stronger,—
 I cannot live without thee,
 My life revolves about thee,
And stops when thou'rt away.

Di te s' io non ragiono,
Infastidir mi sento,
Di nulla mi rammento,
Tutto mi fa sdegnar.
A nominarti io sono
Sì avvezzo a chi m'appresso,
Che al mio rivale istesso
Soglio di te parlar.

Da un sol tuo sguardo altero,
Da un sol tuo detto umano,
Io mi difendo in vano,
Sia sprezzo, o sia favor.
Fuor che il tuo dolce impero
Altro destin non hanno,
Che secondar non sanno
I moti del mio cor.

Ogni piacer mi spiace
Se grato à te non sono ;
Ciò che non è tuo dono
Contento mio non è.
Tutto con te mi piace,
Sia colle, o selva, o prato ;
Tutto è soggiorno ingrato
Lungi, ben mio, da te.

Or parlerò sincero ;
Non sol mi sembri bella,
Non sol mi sembri quella
Che paragon non ha ;

Thy charms full oft debating,
I find my heart relenting,—
Its idle wrath repenting,—
Forgetful of its wrongs,
My old delusions hating,—
Content with love's revival,—
And careless if my rival
Should envy me thy songs.

Thy lightest frown will scathe me,
Thy faintest smiles relieve me,
Thine angers sorely grieve me,
No favour I despise,
Thy rosy fetters swathe me,
Thy lips are sweet as honey,
I bask but in the sunny
Endearments of thine eyes.

There's not a pleasure pleases
But from thy charms I borrow,
I'm dead to pain or sorrow
Since thou art loving now :
The woods, the meads, the breezes,
Without thee breathe no spices,
Before thy fond devices
All ennui dies, I vow.

Come now, I will be candid,
Thou art not the only comely,—
Nor yet,—I speak it humbly,—
The matchless paragon ;

Ma spesso, ingiusto al vero,
Condanno ogni altro aspetto ;
Tutto mi par difetto
Fuor che la tua beltà.

Lo stral già non spezzai ;
Che in van per mio rossore
Trarlo tentai dal core
E ne credei morir.
Ah per uscir di guai,
Più me ne vidi oppresso ;
Ah, di tentar l'istesso
Più non potrei soffrir.

Nel visco in cui s'avvenne.
Quell' augellin talora
Scuote le penne ancora
Cercando libertà ;
Ma in agitar le penne
Gl' impacci suoi rinnova ;
Più di fuggir si prova,
Più prigioner si fa.

No, ch'io non bramo estinto
Il caro incendio antico ;
Quanto più spesso il dico,
Meno bramar lo so.
Sai che un loquace istinto
Gli amanti ai detti sprona ;
Ma fin che si ragiona
La fiamma non passò.

Yet often truth I've branded
With merciless invective,
To vote all charms defective
But those I doted on.

I tried to break thine arrow,—
(My shame I am allowing
My failure thus avowing)—
Methought that I should die ;
The effort thrilled my marrow,
I found that I should suffer
A torture vastly rougher
To win my liberty.

The bird, what time the stripling
Hath limed a twig to bind him,
Casts longing looks behind him,
And flaps his wings in vain ;
He finds his efforts crippling,—
The bird lime plastered o'er him,—
No struggles can restore him
His liberty again.

I never wished, believe me,
The ancient flame extinguished,
Nor dearest hopes relinquished
For all I did protest,
Why should vain words deceive thee,
For lovers all are eager,
Past perils, howe'er meagre,
With halos to invest.

Biasma nel rio cimento
Di Marte ognor gli sdegni,
E ognor di Marte ai segni
Torna il guerrier così.

Torna così contento
Schiavo, che uscì di pena,
Per uso alla catena
Che detestava un dì.

Parlo, ma ognor parlando
Di te parlar procuro ;
Ma nuovo amor non curo,
Non so cambiar di fè :

Parlo, ma poi dimando
Pietà dei detti miei ;
Parlo, ma sol tu sei
L'arbitra ognor di me.

Un cor non incostante
Un reo così sincero
Ah l'amor tuo primiero
Ritorni a consolar.

Nel tuo pentito amante
Almen la bella Nice
Un' alma ingannatrice
Sa che non può trovar.

Se mi dai di pace un pegno,
Se mi rendi, o Nice, il cor,
Quanto già cantai di sdegno,
Ricantar vogl' io d'amor.

METASTASIO,

1746.

Oft warriors sick of glory,
The sweets of peace discover,
Yet when their fights are over
Soon long again for wars,
The captive in the story
Forgot his arms to brandish,
In freedom doomed to languish
For love of prison bars.

I chant to all thy praises,
I'm deaf to other matters,
No other topic flatters ;
My faith is firm, I know.

I speak, but only recking
To meet thine approbation,
I care for no ovation
That thou dost not bestow.

Not all the world shall sever
My Mary from her lover,
The cloak of love will cover
All past offence I know ;

A heart so constant never
Hath wooed thee, lovely Mary ;
To find so sweet a fairy,
One might have far to go.

Come give me a pledge of affection,
My heart—let me have it again ;
For scorn I have no predilection,
So love shall be all my refrain.

METASTASIO,

Ob. 1782.

IN LODE DI BEATRICE.

SONNETTO.

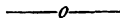
Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare
La donna mia, quand' ella altrui saluta,
Ch'ogni lingua divien tremando muta,
E gli occhi non ardiscon di guardare.

Ella sen' va, sentendosi laudare,
Benignamente d'umiltà vestuta,
E par che sia una cosa venuta
Di cielo in terra a miracol mostrare.

Mostrasi sì piacente a chi la mira
Che dà per gli occhi una dolcezza al core,
Che intender non la può chi non la prova.

E par che della sua labbia si mova
Uno spirto soave e pien d'amore
Che va dicendo a l'anima : sospira !

DANTE ALIGHIERI.



IN VITA DI M. LAURA.

SONNETTO XXXIX.

Benedetto sia'l giorno, e'l mese, e l'anno,
E la Stagione, e' ltempo, e l'ora, e' lpunto,
E'l bel paese, e' lloco, ov' io fui giunto
Da due begli occhi, che legato m'hanno :

TO BEATRICE.

MY love doth seem so fair and so resplendent,
When she accords a gracious salutation,
The tongue is hushed in silent trepidation,
The eye is dazed by lustre so transcendent.

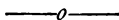
Humility is ever her attendant ;
Her meekness will not list her own ovation,
A prodigy, for our rapt admiration,
While yet on earth she seems on Heaven dependent.

In courtesy the courteous outvying,
Each heart admits her eyes' sweet fascination,
But none can tell, without essay, how thrilling !

It seems as though her lips were aye distilling
Sweetness and love, at every respiration,
Which, wafted by, set every soul a-sighing.

DANTE ALIGHIERI,

Ob. 1321.



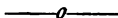
PETRARCH TO LAURA.

SONNET XXXIX.

BLEST be the day,—the month,—and blest the year,
The season and the hour—the minute blest,
Blest be the scene, the spot where I confessed
Myself enthralled by two bright eyes so dear ;

E benedetto il primo dolce affanno,
 Ch' i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto ;
 E l'arco, e le saette, ond'io fui punto ;
 E le piaghe, ch'infin al cor mi vanno :
 Benedette le voci tante ch'io
 Chiamando il nome di mia donna ho sparte ;
 E i sospiri, e le lagrime, e'l desio :
 E benedette sien tutte le carte,
 Ov' io fama le acquisto ; e'l pensier mio
 Ch' è sol di lei, sì ch'altra non v'haparte.

F. PETRARCA.



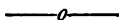
IN MORTE DI M. LAURA.

SONNETTO XXXIV.

L'EVOMMI il mio pensier in parte, ov' era
 Quella, ch'io cerco, e non ritrovo in terra :
 Ivi fra lor, che'l terzo cerchio serra,
 La riviði più bella, e mènò altera.
 Per man mi prese, e disse : in questa spera
 Sarai ancora meco, se 'l desir non erra :
 Io son colei che ti diè tanta guerra,
 E compìè mia giornata innanzi sera :
 Mio ben non cape in intelletto umano :
 Te solo aspetto, e quel che tanto amasti,
 E laggùso è rimasto, -il mio bel velo.
 Deh perchè tacque, ed allargò la mano ?
 Ch'al suon dè' detti si pietosi e casti
 Poco mancò, ch'io non rimàsi in cielo.

F. PETRARCA.

Blest be the first sweet pang of thrilling fear
I felt when love became my bosom's guest ;
Blest be the bow, the shafts which pierced my
breast,
Blest the deep wounds that did my fond heart tear.
Blest be the many strains of aspiration,
Breathed in her honour, still my waking dream,
Blest be my sighs, my tears, my heart's oblation ;
My pages blest, that with her praises teem
My sole thought—blest my fond imagination,
So wholly hers, it knows no other theme.



TO LAURA.

I LIFTED up my thoughts where she doth bide—
She whom I seek—but find no longer here—
And found her with the blest, in heaven's third sphere,
Endowed with more of beauty, less of pride.
She took my hand and said, "Here, by my side,
Thou soon shalt be, if thou wilt persevere,
Yes, I am she who whilom cost thee dear,
And lived out all my day, ere eventide.
Insatiate with intellect's pure lore,
I wait for thee, and, what I left below,
My veil of flesh thou didst so dearly love."
Ah ! then she loosed my hand, and said no more :
To hear her words so chaste and loving flow,
I all but stayed, entranced in heaven above.

F. PETRARCH,

Ob. 1374.

IN VITA DI M. LAURA.

SONNETTO CXG.

CHI vuol veder quantunque può natura,
 E 'l ciel fra noi, venga a mirar costei
 Ch'è sola un sol, non pur agli occhi miei,
 Ma al mondo cieco, che virtù non cura :

E venga tosto, perchè morte fura
 Prima i migliori, e lascia star i rei :
 Questa aspettata al regno degli Dei
 Cosa bella mortal passa, e non dura.
 Vedrà, se arriva à tempo, ogni virtute,
 Ogni bellezza, ogni real costume
 Giunti in un bel corpo con mirabil tempre.

Allor dirà che mie rime son mute,
 L'ingegno offeso dal soverchio lume ;
 Ma se più tarda, avrà da pianger sempre.

F. PETRARCA.

—o—

TASSO.

SE DUOLE D'ESSERE STATO ABBANDONATO DA UN AMICO
 NELL'AVVERSITA.

SOTTO il giogo, ove Amor teco mi strinse,
 D'amicizia solcai campo fecondo,
 E d'ogni affetto tuo mesto o giocondo
 Si scolpì l'alma dentro, e fuor mi pinse,
 Poichè me duro caso in imo spinse,
 Tu, che premer dovèi l'istesso fondo,
 O trarne me, ti sottragesti al pondo ;
Che il vil uso del volgo anco te vinse.

TO LAURA.

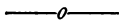
WHO asks what Nature's utmost skill can show,
What Heaven can do, let him but come and prize
One like the sun, not only to my eyes,
But to the blind world, which lets virtue go

Uncared for—Let him speed, for death, we know,
Steals the best first, and doth the bad despise ;
This sweet frail flower—expected in the skies—
Sojourns for no long while with us below.

All virtue he will find, if soon he come,
All beauty, queenly courtesie, and grace,
Blent in one perfect form, in such array

That he will soon pronounce my rhymes all dumb,
Dazed by the glorious lustre of that face :—
He'll have to weep for aye if he too long delay.

F. PETRARCH.



TO A FAITHLESS FRIEND.

LOVE's yoke-fellow with thee, at even pace,
The fertile field of friendship did I plough,
All joy—all pain—that loomed upon thy brow,
Was scored upon my heart and on my face.

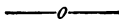
When fortune flung me down in evil case,
Then thou who should'st have stooped and pondered how

To rescue me, wast fearful of the slough,
As are the vulgar, reckless of disgrace.

Ecco, omai pur risorgo, e già non lasso
Il giogo, io no, ma sol tutto il sostegno,
E di mia fede i tuoi difetti adempio.

Sparga ancor semi Amor, ch'i solchi io segno,
E segnerò fin all' estremo passo,
Felice no, ma glorioso esempio.

T. TASSO.



IN MORTE D'UN FANCIULLO.

SULLA breve urna novella
Che ti chiude, o fanciulletto,
Io pur vegno, io pur ti getto
I giacinti e la mortella.

Ma ch'io pianga, anima bella,
Quando sali al primo affetto?
Quando al fonte del diletto
Senza prova Iddio ti appella?

Troppo lieta è la tua sorte!
Tu seguisti un dolce invito,
Ne la tua fù vera morte.

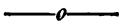
Di quaggiù ti sei diviso
Come un' angelo smarrito
Che ritorna al paradiso.

A. MAFFEI.

See, natheless, I emerge—yet do not cast
The yoke aside, but bear it evermore
Quite sole, and so by faith thy fault redeem.

Let love but sow his seed, and I will score
The furrows still, and score them to the last.
So, though unblest my lot, my life will glorious seem.

TASSO, *ob.* 1595.



AT AN INFANT'S TOMB.

UPON this urn, the new and narrow tomb
Which holds thee, Babe, lo ! I am come to strew
These wreaths of everlastings, and renew
The fragrance of the hyacinthine bloom.

But should I weep, fair soul, for such thy doom,
That thou hast now returned to thy first love,
That to the fountain of Delights above
God called thee, scathless, from a world of gloom ?

Thrice happy is thy lot, then why repine ?
For sweet the summons thou hast now obeyed ;
It was not truly death, this death of thine.

No, thou hast left this scene of mortal pain,
As might some holy seraph who had strayed,
And winged his way to Paradise again.

A. MAFFEI.

SULLA NATURA D'AMORE.

SONNETTO IN DIALOGO.

QUANDO nascesti, Amor? Quando la terra
Si rinveste di verde e bel colore.

Di che fusti creato? D'un ardore,
Ch'ogni lascivo in sè rinchiude e serra.

Chi ti produsse a farmi tanta guerra?
Calda speranza, e gelido timore.

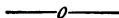
Ove prima abitasti? In gentil core,
Che sotto al mio valor presto s'atterra.

Chi fù la tua nutrice? Giovinezza,
E le sue serve accolte a lei d'intorno,
Leggiadria, vanità, pompa e bellezza.

Di che ti pasci? D'un guardar adorno.

Non può contra di te morte, o vecchiezza?
Nò: ch'io rinasco mille volte il giorno.

SERAFINO AQUILANO, ob. A.D. 1500.



ALL' ITALIA.

ITALIA, Italia, o tu, cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte:

Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte,
Onde assai più te paventasse, o assai

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LOVE.

A DIALOGUE.

WHEN wast thou born, O Love? What time the
earth

In varied tints of green at prime was dressed :
Whence wast thou formed? The flames that
manifest

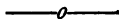
The passion lovers feel first gave me birth.

What led thee then to wage such war on me?
The warmth of hope—the chill of fear—confessed;
Where was thy dwelling first? The gentle breast
Which at my charge soon yields submissively.

Who was thy nurse? My nurse was rosy Youth,
With all her train, a goodly sisterhood,—
Pomps, Vanities, Bloom, Beauty, Grace and Truth.

What is thy food? The soft glance is my food.
Can death or age not quell thee? Nay, forsooth,
A thousand times each day I find my life renewed.

SERAFINO AQUILANO.



TO ITALY.

ITALIA, O Italia! thou that must bewail
Thy fata dower of Beauty, and deplore
The attendant train of woes that whelm thee o'er,
Inscribed upon thy brow by dint of bale;

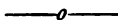
I would thou wert less fair, or else more hale,
That he might love thee less, or fear thee more,

T'amasse men chi del tuo bello à rai
Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte.

Che giù dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti
Scender d' armati, nè di sangue tinta
Bever l' onda del Po gallici armenti ;

Nè te vedrei del non tuo ferro cinta
Pugnar col braccio di straniera gente,
Per servir sempre, o vincitrice, o vinta.

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.



AMOR DI DONNA.

DONNA che bella sia, ma che non menta
Vezzi non suoi dall' artificio tolti,
Che abbia docile ingegno, e cor che senta,
Gli atti soavi e nobilmente colti.

Che a scegliere in amor sia giusta e lenta,
Sensi serbando all' onestà rivolti,
Poi costante e fedel, di un sol contenta,
Sdegni il piacer di parer bella a molti.

"Trova," dissi ad Amor, "pietoso Dio,
Trovami questa donna, ovunque l' hai,
Perch' io la cerco, ed amar voglio anch' io ;"

Rise egli, e disse : " Ah ! se altra amar non sai,
Va, rinunzia : nel regno mio
Una tal Donna non si vide mai."

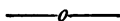
CLEMENTE BONDI.

Who, with thy beaming beauty smitten sore,
Defies thee to the death, and gars thee quail.

Oh ! that I might not watch armed torrents flow
Down from the Alps, nor Gallic cohorts crave
Draughts from the bloodstained billows of the Po ;

Nor see upon thy hip the alien's glaive,
While strangers fight thy battles ;—even so
Victor or vanquished, ever more a slave !

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA, ob. 1707.



PURSUIT OF PERFECTION.

A MAIDEN of the fairest never prone
To feign charms not her own, devised by Art,
Endowed with docile wit and tender heart,
With gentle ways and mind of purest tone.

One not too swift her choice in love to own,
Who keeps her heart in hand, on honour bent,
Constant and true, with one fond swain content,
Nor cares to make her charms more widely known ;

“ Find her for me, kind Love, amongst thy train,”
Said I to him, “ where'er she hides her head,
I long to love her, long her love to gain.”

“ If thou canst love none else,” he smiling said,
“ Go, give up love ; for in my whole domain
No paragon like that was ever bred.”

CLEMENT BONDI, ob. 1821.

ALLA PACE.

SONNETTO.

PACE, dono del Ciel, dove, o in qual core

Fra i miseri mortali hai tu ricetta ?

Te il purpureo tiranno in aureo tetto,

Te fra capanne invan cerca il pastore.

Te molt' oro non compra o vano onore,

Troppo vil prezzo di sì dolce affetto :

Fuggi i teatri ; e senza te il diletto

O divien noja, o cangiasi in dolore.

Nè in frequentato loco, o in erma parte,

In estranie contrade, o al suol natio,

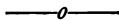
Alma ti scopre per ingegno od arte.

E in qual parte sei dunque ? Ah ! so ben dove !

Tu sei con l' innocenza in seno a Dio.

Folle ! e m' affanno a pur cercarti altrove.

CLEMENTE BONDI.



SPERANZE DELUSE.

PORTA il buon Villanel da strania riva

Sovra gli omeri suoi pianta novella,

E col favor della più bassa stella

Fa che risorga nel suo campo, e viva.

Indi 'l sole e la pioggia e l'aura estiva

L'adorna o pasce, e la fa lieta e bella :

Gode' l cultore, e se felice appella,

Che delle sue fatiche il premio arriva.

PEACE.

BEST boon of heaven, O Peace ! where dost thou
deign

Amongst us wretched mortals to alight ;
The enthronèd tyrant with his purple dight,—
The hutted shepherd seeks thy face in vain.

No mine of gold, no meed of fame, 'tis plain,
No price so poor thy presence could requite :
Thou shunnest the stage. Without thee all delight
Becomes annoy, or merges into pain.

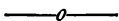
In busy cities—in the desert drear—

At home, abroad, the strictest search eluding,
The soul that seeks thee meets with little cheer.

Where art thou, then ? Ah ! well I mind thy lair,—

With innocence in God's own bosom brooding ;
Fool that I was to seek thy face elsewhere.

CLEMENT BONDI.



DELUSIVE HOPES.

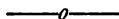
THE honest peasant from some distant strand
Brings on his back a plant of novel kind,
And sets it in his garden, there designed
By favour of the seasons to expand.

There by the gentle summer breezes fanned,
Rain-fed, sun-nurtured it has not declined—
How happy is his heart at length to find
The meed of all his labours now at hand.

Ma i pomi un tempo a lui serbati e cari
Rapace mano in breve spazio coglie ;
Tanta è la copia degli ingordi avari ;

Così, lasso ! in un giorno altri mi toglie
Il dolce frutto di tanti anni amari,
Ed io rimango ad adorar le foglie.

FRANCESCO COPPETTA.



SONNETTO ENIGMATICO.


STILLATEVI il cervel par per lambicco
Per saper donde la mia origin viene :
Io son un tal che sto con chi mi tiene,
Nè torno a lui, come da lui mi spicco.

Per luoghi infami punto io non mi ficco,
Chè alla mia dignità non si conviene.
Chi m'ha perduto è privo d'ogni bene,
Sia nobile, o plebeo, povero, o ricco.

Cerca l'uom per me sol titoli e gradi ;
Nasce per me talor qualche quistione ;
Fansi per me le paci e i parentadi.

Senza me il mondo andrebbe in perdizione,
Sarian le selve pari alle cittadi ;
Eppure altro io non son che un' opinione.

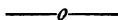
AUTORE INCERTO.



Its first prized fruit, long saved up for his cheer,
In one short night is plundered by the thieves,
So grasping are the rogues we have to fear :

So me, in one brief day, some wretch bereaves
Of the sweet fruit of many a bitter year,
And I must glean the bouquet of the leaves.

F. COPPETTA, ob. 1553.



AN ENIGMA.

COME, rack your brains, and start in my pursuit,
And tell me, whence I come, and how exist ;
I'm one who stays content with all who list,
But once dismissed, my host no more salute.

I never bide in scenes of ill repute,
That doth not with my dignity consist ;
Who loseth me hath every good dismissed,
Be he high, or low, rich, or destitute.

I lead to Rank and Title men of worth ;
Much strife is kindled in the world for me ;
Alliances and Peace owe me their birth ;

Without me all the world would go to rack,
And like the forests would the cities be,
Yet am I but a name, and substance lack.

ANON.

SESTINA IRREGOLARE.

UDITE, selve, mie dolci parole,
 Poichè la Ninfa mia udir non vuole.
 La bella Ninfa e sorda al mio lamento,
 E'l suon di nostra fistula non cura ;
 Di ciò si lagna il mio cornuto armento,
 Nè vuol bagnare il grifo in acqua pura,
 Nè vuol toccar la tenera verdura ;
 Tanto del suo pastor gl' incresce e duole.
 Udite, selve, mie dolci parole.

Ben si cura l'armento del pastore,
 La Ninfa non si cura dell' amante,
 La bella Ninfa, che di sasso ha il core,
 Anzi di ferro, anzi di diamante.
 Ella fugge da me sempre davante,
 Come agnella dal lupo fuggir suole.
 Udite, selve, mie dolci parole.

Digli, zampogna mia, come via fugge
 Con gli anni insieme la bellezza snella ;
 E digli come il tempo ne distrugge,
 Nè l'età persa mai si rinnovella ;
 Digli che sappi usar sua forza bella,
 Che sempre mai non son rose e viole.
 Udite, selve, mie dolci parole.

Portate, venti, questi dolci versi
 Dentro à l'orecchie della Ninfa mia ;
 Dite quant' io per lei lagrime versi,
 E lei pregate che crudel non sia ;
 Dite che la mia vita fugge via,

A PASTORAL.

GIVE ear, ye woods ! to my sweet strains give ear,
 The strains my own sweet nymph disdains to hear !
 The nymph I love is deaf to my complaining,

She will not heed my softest melodies ;
 My beeves condole with me at her disdain,
 And will not in the cool streams splash at ease,
 Nor crop the tender herbage of the leas,
 Such grief they feel for their fond master's pains ;
 Hear, O ye whispering woods ! my plaintive strains.

For me my grateful herd its care confesses,
 My nymph will not regard her suppliant,
 My own fair nymph a heart of stone possesses,
 A heart of steel, nay more, of adamant .
 And ever at my coming looks askant,
 Or flies like lambs, when wolves invade the plains ;
 Hear, O ye whispering woods ! my plaintive strains.

Tell her, my Lute, how beauty—quickly flitting—
 Speeds off upon the rapid wings of time,
 Tell her how age impairs it, not permitting
 Its charms to pass beyond youth's sunny clime.
 Tell her to use it deftly in its prime,
 Since not for aye the rose, the lily reigns ;
 Hear, O ye whispering woods ! my plaintive strains.

Bear, O ye winds ! my most bewitching measure,
 And breathe it in her ears whom I adore,
 Tell her what tears I shed for her displeasure,
 And pray she be not cruel any more :
 Tell her my life is drifting fast ashore,

E si consuma come brina al sole.
Udite, selve, mie dolci parole
Poichè la Ninfa mia udir non vuole.

ANGELO POLIZIANO.


—o—

SCHERZO.

COME DEVESI USAR LA GIOVENTU.

Donzelletta
Superbetta,
Che ti pregi d'un crin d'oro,
Ch' hai di rose
Rugiadose
Nelle guancie un bel tesoro ;
Quei tuoi fiori
I rigori
Proveran tosto del verno,
E sul crine
Folte brine
Ti cadranno a farti scherno.

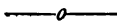
Damigella
Pazzarella,
Godi, godi in gioventù,
Se languisce,
Se sparisce
Quest' età, non torna più,
Ed al rotar degli anni
Scema sempre il gioir, crescon gli affanni.



And wasting like the brine that sunshine drains.
Hear, O ye whispering woods! my plaintive strains,
Since my fair nymph my utterance still disdains.

ANGELO POLIZIANO.

ob. 1494.



YOUTH IS FLEETING.

LITTLE maiden, pride-beladen,
Boastful of thy golden hair,
Bloom of roses soft reposes
On thy dimpled cheeks so fair;
Yet the flowers in thy bowers
Soon will feel the winter's frost,
When its rigour chills thy vigour,
Soon will all their sheen be lost.

Giddy maiden, dream be-laden,
Make the utmost of thy prime
Ne'er persuaded, when once faded,
To return at any time:
As the years fast fleeting wane
Ebbing joys make way for pain,

La tua beltà,
Ora ch' è amabile,
Gioja ineffabile
Goder potrà.

Ma se del viso tuo la fresca rosa
Per pioggia grandinosa,
Tempestata dagli anni, alfin cadrà,
La tua beltà,
Fattasi pallida,
Tremante e squallida
Lacrimerà,
Che dell' etade il verde,
Per decreto fatal d'iniqua stella,
Non ritorna giammai quando si perde.

FRANCESCO REDI.

Now thy beauty doth its duty,
Bringing pleasures in its train.
If the rose is plucked which doses
On the velvet of thy cheeks,
If benighted it is blighted
By the chilly tempest's freaks,
Beauty paling—glory failing—
All thy charms will quickly flee,
Wholly vanished soon as banished,
Such is fate's supreme decree.

FRANCESCO REDI,
ob. 1698.

ODES *of* HORACE.

LYDIA AND SYBARIS.

ODE I., 8.

TELL me, Lydia, why you try
 Sybaris with your love to bane,
 Come, for Heaven's sake, reply.

Tell me why he hates the field,
 Whose contempt for sun and rain
 Sporting tastes of old revealed.

Why should he no longer ride
 With his troopers? or restrain
 With fanged curb the fiery pride

Of his high-bred Celtic steed?—
 Fear the Tiber's yellow flood?—
 Wrestling bouts no longer heed?—

Wherefore shun the olive's use,
 Even more than viper's blood?—
 On his arms no livid bruise,

Due to chafing armour, show?—
 Why, with nervous strain, no more
 O'er the utmost limit throw

Lance or quoit? Why skulks he so?
 Like the sea-nymph's son of yore,
 On the eve of Ilion's woe,

Lest, if caught in man's attire,
He should be enlisted for
Lycian wars, and carnage dire.



TO LALAGE.

ODE I., 22.

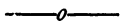
[F, friend, your life be blameless, if your heart be
pure,
Then Moorish lance is needless, bow you may abjure,
No venom'd dart and quiver then,
Need ever freight your back again.

Not though across the broiling Syrtes 'you should
stray,
Or through Caucasian mountains take your cheerless
way,
Or in what far and fabled lands
Hydaspes laves his golden sands.

For while unarmed I sauntered through my Sabine
glade,
And light of heart and joyous o'er my confines
strayed,
A huge wolf fled away from me
While singing of my Lalage.

No such tremendous monster Daunia ever rears,
Grim Daunia, in her beechen forests, for her spears ;
Nor Juba's arid land begets,
The foster-dam of lion-pets.

Oh! set me down where foliage never yet was fanned
By sportive summer breezes on the desert sand,
Or haply where incessant rain
With mist and storm the landscape bane,
Or where the car of Phœbus, driven too near the
earth,
Of human dwellings causes an utter hopeless dearth,
My Lalage's sweet voice and smile
My loving heart shall still beguile.



LIBERALITY.

ODE II., 2.

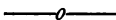
MY Sallust, thou foe to all tinsel and foil,
The treasure that avarice hides in the soil
Soon loses the lustre which spurns such abuse,
But saves all its glitter for moderate use.

In ages to come Proculeius will be
Renowned for that fatherly love that we see
Bestowed on his brothers ; unperishing fame,
On pinions that flag not, will bear up his name.

By taming the covetous spirit within,
A wider dominion than his you will win,
Who, linking old Afric to far away Spain,
Should own the allegiance of Carthages twain.

The dropsical wretch who imbibes till he burst,
By over-indulgence allays not his thirst,
Until the disease be expelled from his veins
The watery humour,—the pallor remains.

Sound wisdom, rejecting the common acclaim,
 Denies to Phraates, the monarch, a name
 Among the possessors of bliss, though restored
 To Cyrus's throne, and so teacheth the horde
 Disuse of false terms—conceding the sway,
 The diadem, too, and his merited bay
 To that man alone who serenely surveys
 Vast mountains of wealth with indifferent gaze.



THE CHARMS OF PHILLIS.

ODE II., 4.

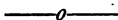
BLUSH not, Phoeus, at your flame,
 Though a handmaid be its aim ;
 In the good old days of yore
 One, who seldom loved before,
 Owned Briseid's lily charms,

Ajax, son of Telamon,
 By Tecmessa's smiles was won,
 Of his lovely virgin slave
 Atreus' son himself would rave
 E'en in victory's very arms,

When the troops of Troy, o'erthrown
 By Thessalian might, lay prone ;
 When, of Hector's aid bereft,
 Ilion's walls at last were left
 To the worn-out Greeks a prey.

What ! a lineage with a flaw
 Will not grace a son in law ?

Nay, the blood in Phillid's veins
 Surely flows from royal strains,
 Though her gods be deaf to-day.
 Deem not one so loved by you,
 One so void of greed, so true,
 Could be low-born, or could claim
 Dower of maternal shame,
 Showered on her natal day.
 Though I'm heart-whole, when I gaze
 Face and limbs and feet I praise—
 Come, no jealousy of one
 Whose eight lustres, fully run,
 Lately flitted in dismay.



HORACE AND LYDIA—A DIALOGUE.

ODE III., 9.

HORACE.

So long as I thy love possessed,
 Nor any dearer youth caressed
 With loving arms thy snowy breast,
 No Shah of Persia was so blest.

LYDIA.

So long you owned no other flame,
 Nor Lydia after Chloe came,
 Your Lydia's widely bruited name
 Surpassed old Ilia's classic fame.

HORACE.

'Tis Chloe now I most admire,
 Who sings so sweetly to the lyre ;

For her sweet sake I'd dare death's ire,
So she escaped the fatal pyre.

LYDIA.

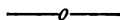
For Calais a mutual fire
Fills all my breast with fond desire ;
Twice o'er for him I'd dare death's ire,
So he escaped the fatal pyre.

HORACE.

What if th' old love resumed its reign,
And knit reft hearts with brazen chain,
What if fair Chloe meet disdain,
And open doors for Lydia crane ?

LYDIA.

Though brighter than the star is he,
Though lighter than the cork thou be,
More prone to ire than Hadria's sea,
I'd choose to live and die with thee.



TO NEOBULE.

ODE III., 12.

OH ! how hapless are the maidens to whom it is
forbidden

To amuse themselves with flirting, or to lull their
cares with wine ;

By a testy old guardian so mercilessly chidden
With the tongue-lash, till the very life they gladly
would resign.

All her spinning, and her knitting, and her wonted
inclination

For the labours of Minerva Neobule put aside ;
To the winged son of Venus all were offered in
oblation,

On the day, on the hour, when the lad of Lipara
she spied

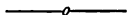
Immersing his sleek shoulders in the waters of the
Tiber,—

Bonny Hebrus,—unconquered in the footrace or
the ring ;

Not Bellerophon himself was half as good a rider,

The javelin not a hunter so skilfully can fling,
When a drove of deer is started across the open
glade ;—

None impale the boar so well in the orchard's leafy
shade.



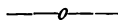
TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

ODE III., 13.

OH ! clearer than glass is this fountain of thine,
Bandusia, worthy of flowers and wine,
A kid I'll present thee to-morrow, I vow,
Whose first budding horns, just adorning his brow,
Give promise of prowess in love and in fight ;—
Vain promise, alas ! for thy ripples so bright
Will soon be stained red with the torrents of blood
This scion of wantons will pour in thy flood.

The days when the dog star is blazing above
Will do thee no harm—no, the cool that they love,
Thou'lt find for the oxen released from the team,
And stray roving herds that resort to thy stream.

Among the most noted of founts wilt thou be
When I shall have sung of that old Ilex tree
Which grows on the hollow rocks, over the caves,
Whence leaps the cascade of thy murmuring waves.



TO MELPOMENE.

ODE IV., 3.

HE whom, Melpomene, thou hast regarded
With thy benignant glance at his birth,
Will be no boxer, nor ever rewarded
With any Isthmian honors on earth.

At the Olympians no team of horses
Ever will draw his conqueror's car,
Nor will he triumph o'er enemy's forces,
Crowned with a bay wreath, fresh from the war,
Up at the capitol :—streamlets of Tibur's
Well watered valley, so proud of its name,—
Bosage and bower will find the tough fibres
Wrought in his web of unperishing fame.

Have not the sons of the chief of the cities
Deigned to accord me a seat up among
Loveable choirs of bards for my ditties,
Freed from the gibes of the envious tongue.


O thou Pierian muse, who controllest,
All the sweet notes of the gold mounted shell,
Thou who couldst give (tho' the thought's of the
drollest,)
Swan-notes to fish if it seemed to thee well.
Thine be the praise if, with finger uplifted,
Wayfarers point out the minstrel of Rome,
Powers of pleasing, if so I am gifted,
Powers of breath—of thy bounty they come.

—o—

AN INVITATION TO VIRGIL.

ODE IV., 12.

THOSE comrades of spring who have calmed the
rude seas,—
The softest of gales—are now swelling the sails,
No longer be-crisped with the frost are the leas,
The rivers no longer roar loud as they flow,
All swollen with snow.
The nightingale, now, while she plaintively wails
For Itys unblest, is at work on her nest,
The shame which that terrible vengeance entails—
The vengeance that follows the vices of kings—
The burden she sings.
The indolent hinds, with the sleek flocks they keep,
Are watching them graze, and piping their lays
So dear to that guardian God of the sheep,
To whom the blue shadows of Arcady's heights
Are daily delights.
The season, friend Virgil, now savours of drought,
But should you incline to Calenian wine,



O spoilt child of fashion, and wish for a bout,
You will just be so good as to pay me my price
In spikenard and spice.

An Onyx of Nard will elicit a cask,
Which owns to no faults, from old Sulpice's vaults ;
A fund of new hopes will be found in each flask,
A sovereign receipt for the bitters of care,
A cordial rare !

To taste such a treat should you haply incline,
Come take my advice, be prepared with the price,
I do not pretend to provide you with wine,
Free gratis, my friend, as a Cræsus would do
Who had bins not a few.

Come, come, no delay, put aside the affairs,
And mindful to-day of the flames while you may,
Let brief follies mingle with business cares,
For once in a way it is pleasant to fool,
[Like boys out of school.]

TO NEÆRA.

EPODE 15.

[T was a fine clear night, and the moon in the
heavens was shining,
The lesser starry lights among,
When, in despite of the gods whom you were calling to witness,
You pledged me troth with careless tongue,
Clasping your soft arms round me, closer than tendrils of ivy
About the ilex cling and creep.

This was the oath I dictated, "our mutual love you
would cherish,

As long as wolves should harry sheep ;
Aye, and as long as Orion, the star so dreaded by
sailors,

Should vex with storms the wintry sea ;—
Aye, and as long as the Zephyrs should sport with
the locks of Apollo,

In unshorn luxuriance free."

Now you are destined, Neæra, to feel the effects of
my vengeance,—

If Horace have but heart of grace,
He will not suffer your favour to gladden the heart
of a rival,

But in his ire his foe will face ;

Nor will his anger, once roused, be quelled by the
spell of your beauty,

When once the quick has felt the thong ;
But you, my more fortunate rival, whoever you are,
who are strutting,

In proud derision of my wrong,

Though you be wealthy in flocks, and own an
abundance of acres,

Though Pactolus flows for you,
Though you should be a second Pythagoras, match-
less in wisdom,

And own more grace than Nireus knew,—
Ah ! you will have to bewail her affections trans-
ferred to another,

And I in turn shall laugh anew.

ODES *of* CATULLUS.

ON THE DEATH OF A PET SPARROW.

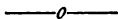
MOURN, O ye loves ! ye Graces, mourn,
 My love has lost her darling pet,
 Her sparrow she was wont to prize
 As dearly as her own sweet eyes ;
 With fond regret
 Her heart is torn.

So sweet it was, so well it knew her,
 No daughter's love was ever truer,
 Her bosom it would hardly leave,
 She well may grieve :
 For ever hopping here and there,
 All round her chair.

To her alone 't would chirp and twitter,
 And never quit her ;
 But now along the dusky road
 'Tis gone to that supreme abode,—
 The fatal bourne—
 Whence none return !

Bad luck attend ye, O ye Powers
 Of darkness whose fell greed devours
 All that is beautiful and rare,
 And would not spare
 A bird so fair,

And stooped to claim
 A pet so tame !
 Poor little sparrow, fie for shame !
 'Tis all your fault, my darling cries,
 And shows those red and swollen eyes.

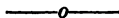


INCONSTANCY.

ODE CXX.

My love declares that she will wed
 No other swain than me,
 Nor deign to share a monarch's bed
 Should kings her suitors be.

She swears it, but what women swear
 When the fond suitor craves,
 They well might write upon the air,
 Or pen on ebbing waves.



TO LESBIA.

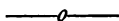
Come let us live and love, my lass,
 If twaddling elders carp and frown
 Appraise them at a piece of brass.

The suns may set and hope to rise,
 But when our own brief sun goes down
 All night must close our eyes.

A hundred kisses then for me,
And then a thousand we will take,
As many more alternately.

When we have given thousands so,
A shuffle of the whole we'll make,
That so the sum we may not know.

And then will prying envy miss
Its mark, however oft we kiss ;—
It cannot challenge unknown bliss.



LESBIA'S KISSES.

YOU ask me, Love, how many kisses
You have given me beyond my wishes ?

Were you to give as many more
As are the pebbles on the shore ;
As many as the grains of sand,
Which, by Cyrene's balmy land,
Bestrew the Libyan desert plain,
Betwixt Jove's sultry southern fane
And holy Batto's ancient shrine ;
As many as the stars which shine
On stilly nights with twinkling eyes,
On stolen loves beneath the skies ;
Aye, more than tattlers' tongues could tell,
Or malice harm with baneful spell,—
The number possibly might be
Sufficient for insatiate me.

ODES of ANACREON

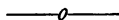
MY THEME.

ODE I.

I FAIN would sing of heroes,
And men of old renowned ;
But my rebellious harp strings
With love alone resound.

I changed my chords but lately,
I changed them every one ;
I thought to sing the labours
Of Jove's Herculean son ;

But still my lyre responded
With love in every tone,
So I have done with heroes,
I sing of love alone.



BEAUTY.

ODE II.

KIND Nature has dowered the bull with his horns,
And given his hoofs to the steed,
His chasm of grinders the lion adorns,
The hare she has gifted with speed.

With fins she has furnished the fishes that swim,
The fowls she has taught them to fly,
For man—it was mind that she treasured for him,
For woman what could she supply ?

What guerdon did Nature reserve for her share ?

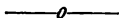
Why—beauty's imperious charms—

The sword and the spear are as reeds to the fair,

She triumphs o'er Mars and his arms ;

The power of beauty, for woe and for weal,

Eclipses the power of fire and steel.



CUPID'S VISIT.

ODE. III.

IT happened once at dead of night,
Just when Arcturus turned to flight,
Submissive to his keeper's sway,
While all the tribes of mortals lay,
By weight of varied toils oppressed,
In blissful slumbers, seeking rest,
That Cupid, with a vast uproar,
Came down and thundered at my door,
And rattled all the bolts and bars.
"Who's there?" I cried, "who comes and mars
My rest, and scares my dreams away?"
Quoth he, "I'm Cupid—open, pray—
Fear not a child who asks a boon !
I'm dripping quite—there shines no moon—
So dark the night I've lost my way !"
For ruth I could not say him nay,
So rose forthwith and lit my lamp,
To save him from the cold and damp ;
And when I had unbarred the door,
I spied a winged child, who bore

A bow and quiver for his kit ;
So by the fire I made him sit.
His little hands in mine I took,
Chafed them to warmth, and gently shook
The dripping water from his hair,
And pressed it out with tender care ;
But when he felt quite warm and dry,
"Come now," quoth he, "methinks I'll try
How fares it with my favourite bow,
If this damp string be spoilt or no."
He bends it, aims, and pulls the string—
Full in my heart I feel the sting ;
Then up he springs, and with a boast,
He titters, "Wish me joy, mine host,
My bow is sound—true flies my dart,
But you will rue it in your heart."

—o—

MY JOYS.

ODE IV.

ON softest myrtle I would lie,
And lotus-leaves, and leisurely
Quaff rosy wine ;
And Cupid's self should serve the cup,
His robe with ribands gathered up,
Upon his'chine ;

For like the chariot's rolling wheel,
The moments of a lifetime steal
Full fast away.

Within a little, when the urn
Is closed, our very bones will turn
To powdered clay.

Vain are libations, we must own ;
Why sprinkle perfumes on the stone ?
Nay, while I breathe,
Pray strew the roses on my head,
And let their scents, profusely shed,
My temples wreath ;

And see you summon to my side
The darling damsel of my pride,
My joys to share.
For ere I join the infernal choirs,
In Pluto's dim and dusky shires,
I'll banish care.

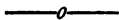


ROSES.

ODE V.

THE blushing rose, the flower of love,
The rose that all his lieges love,
Should mingle with the wine,
In wreaths of dainty grace dispose,
With all its joy of leaves, the rose,
To deck this brow of mine.
And so with blushing fragrance crowned,
We'll pass in merry goblets round,
The laughter of the vine.

We'll hail thee, Rose, the queen of flowers,
That Spring has nurtured in her bowers,
The joy of gods above ;
Blush-roses, in his downy hair,
Cythera's son delights to wear,
The beaming God of Love;
When tripping in the Graces' choir ;
Then crown me, and I'll strike the lyre,
And, Bacchus, at thy shrine
In showers of roses I will dance ;
And revel in thy sunny glance,
Sweet maiden-rose of mine.



A MASQUE.

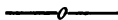
ODE VI.

WITH chaplets of roses entwined in the hair,
We revel in nectar, and laugh away care ;
The neat-footed nymph in the midst of the choir,
Right daintily trips to the sound of the lyre ;
The thyrsus she bears, as it rustles along,
Waves ivy-locks over the heads of the throng ;
And hark to that mellow-voiced stripling who owns
Those soft flowing curls, and those clear ringing tones
Which float from his lips as he dreamily sings,
And touches the Zitta's melodious strings ;
See Cupid himself, with his tresses of gold,
And blooming Lyæus, so fair to behold ;
And lovely Cythera, delighted to share
The feast to which ancients are pleased to repair.

CUPID'S RAID.

ODE VII.

IT chanced that Cupid on a day
Strolled out to while the hours away,
And when he met me, raised his hand,
And rudely shook his purple wand,
And, taken with a sudden whim,
Would have me run along with him :
O'er many a rugged torrent bed,
Thro' thickets and ravines I sped,
Till on my forehead stood the dew ;
I all but fainted, and, 'tis true,
My heart leapt up into my mouth ;
Then, like a zephyr of the south,
My forehead with his wings he fanned,
" Love's toils !" quoth he, " you cannot stand !"

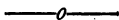


MY DREAM.

ODE VIII.

As on my purple couch reposing,
I lay one evening, calmly dosing,
And sleeping off the exhilaration
Resulting from a late potation,
I dreamt that I was swiftly chasing
Some merry maids, on tiptoe racing,—
And not without some mutual toying ;
Some pert young lads—the sport enjoying—

More rosy-cheeked than old Lyæus,
 While slyly tittering to see us,
 Chafed me with many a saucy saying
 About the games that we were playing,
 But when I thought to win some kisses,
 They all escaped me, lads and misses ;
 For then, alas, to my confusion,
 I woke to prove my dream illusion :—
 Incensed to find myself mistaken,
 By all my pleasant sprites forsaken,
 I longed to sleep and never waken.



MY DOVE.

ODE IX.

TELL me, tell me, dear my dove,
 Whence and whither art thou flying ?
 Whence descending from above
 Whirring pinions swiftly plying ?
 Whence that fragrance in the air
 From thy scented plumes distilling ?
 Tell me, for it is my care,
 Whose behests art thou fulfilling ?
 Well, it was Anacreon
 To Bathylla sent me flying,
 To the lass he dotes upon,
 To the lass there's no denying.
 For a charming little ode
 Fair Cythera lately sold me,
 Since I came to his abode
 I have done whate'er he told me.

Now, his messenger, you see,
I'm entrusted with his letters ;
Soon he says he'll set me free,
But I much prefer my fetters.

I would choose to be his slave,
Even if he should release me ;
If I owned some rocky cave,
I could never better please me.

Should I not then have to fly
Over forests, over mountains,
Roost on trees beneath the sky,
Peck at berries, sip at fountains ?

Now I take my fill of bread,
For I take it from his fingers ;
Now with nectar I am fed,
When at his own cups he lingers.

Then when I have sipped my share,
O'er his head I stretch my pinions,
Dance about him in the air,
Dearer far than all his minions.

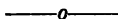
When my wings begin to tire,
When I feel disposed for slumbers,
Then I perch upon his lyre,
Lulled to sleep by witching numbers.

Now you've heard my tale, away !
I have told you all my story ;
If I've chattered like a jay,
Yours the blame, and mine the glory.

ON A WAXEN CUPID.

ODE X.

IT happened once to me to hail
A stripling offering for sale,
A waxen Cupid—"What's the price
You ask," said I, "for your device?"
So he replied in Doric phrase,—
"The price do you yourself appraise;
But I will tell you all the truth,
I'm no wax artist, but forsooth
I do not choose henceforth to live
With one who's so provocative."
"Well, let me have the beauty, there,
Come take that Drachma—he shall share
My couch henceforth. Come, Cupid, now
Inflame my heart, or else I vow,
If you deny me my desire,
Your charms shall perish in the fire."

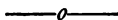


MY AGE.

ODE XI.

"POET," oft the women say,
"You are getting on in years,
Go and take a mirror, pray,
See how thin your hair appears,
There is none upon your brow,
Bald it is, and barren now."

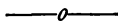
I know nothing of my hair,
Whether it be gone or no
Know I not, but this I swear,
That the older that I grow
All the more of joy I'd taste,
For there's less of time to waste.



TO A SWALLOW.

ODE XII.

WHAT am I to do to thee,
What's the penalty to be,
Twittering swallow, for the wrong
Thou hast done me by thy song?
Shall I take my shears and clip
Thy wing feathers at the tip,
Or, like one whom I could quote,
Root thy tongue from out thy throat?
Why, before the early dawn
Streaks the sky or tints the lawn,
Harp upon those idle themes—
Snatch my darling from my dreams?



TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

THE THREE STUDENTS.

THREE merry youths were sitting
Carousing at their wine,
Full joyously out pouring
Rich juice of Rhenish vine.

One called the toast, "Come fill up
Your glasses to the brim,
I drink to my own sweet love
Of graceful form and slim ;

"Black eyed she is and black haired,
And slender as the pine,
From her fresh lips full often
I have sipped the dew divine."

Then clinked the loving glasses,—
From far you might have deemed
The greeting warbled sweetly,
So musical it seemed.

He heard and blithely shouted,
"A happy omen this—
Of me my love is dreaming,
She dreams of my last kiss."

"Now then," exclaims his fellow,
"I, too, must pledge my love,
Who taught me not to envy
The bliss of sylphs above.

"Her hair, her eyes, are nut brown,
Less lightly trips the roe,
Like chimes among the mountains
Her silvery accents flow."

Then clinked the loving glasses,
From far you might have deemed
The greeting warbled sweetly,
So musical it seemed.

"And so," he blithely added,
"I hail the sound with glee,
I hear my sweet love singing
The song she learnt of me."

Out spake in turn their comrade,
"There is one who loves me well,
Our mutual love so tender
Not death itself could quell.

"Blue eyes and golden tresses,
A sunny, beaming face,
No words of mine can picture
My love's angelic grace."

Then once more clinked the glasses,
But, oh ! the third it broke,
A bitter cry of anguish
The thrilling echoes woke.

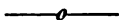
The two exchanged full sadly
A swift foreboding glance,
One wept with tears of sorrow
The ominous mischance.

At home among the mountains.
Just at that selfsame hour,
There tolled forth angel greetings
From out the old church tower.

But one there was who heard not
The slow and solemn sound,
Right peacefully she slumbered
While angels gathered round.

No more the blue eyes heeded
The quickening light of day,
Upon the golden tresses
A snow white death wreath lay.

HEINRICH HOFFMANN.



SIR OTHO'S AVE.

OTHO VON BUHL, our need is sore,
Your prowess you must show,
Our brothers welter in their gore,
Behind us storms the foe.

What tho' I mourn our shivered spears,
Our splintered weapons sore,
This holy chalice wakes my fears
And stirs my spirit more.

We all have quaffed its sacred draught
Upon the battle field,
But now, who knows what scoffing foes
Our holy cup will wield.

Of youth, sir knight, and strength you boast,
Then turn your horse again,
And with your good sword smite their host,
And stay their pride amain.

And never let your sword arm swerve,
An Ave while you say,
So shall my courser's speed preserve
Our sacred trust to-day.

Sir Otho hastened to obey,
An "aye," was all he said,
The master's charger shot away
With lightning speed it sped.

So soon the cross to sight was lost
That on his garb he wore,
The mighty Lithuanian host
Down on the Teuton bore.

But when from far his mantle white
Gleamed like a flying swan,
They fell upon the brave young knight,
And rained their blows anon.

The crooked scimitars flashed high,
The mace gave many a thud,
And wolf-like rose the battle cry,
In torrents flowed the blood.

Sir Otho said his "Ave" now,
And home he drove a thrust,
A chief fell from his saddle bow,
And wallowed in the dust.

A second word the hero spoke,
And smote again right well,
The standard bearer at the stroke
Beneath his banner fell.

Then word by word, and blow by blow,
A noble prayer was that,
For every word a Paynim foe
Upon the ground fell flat.

His shirt of mail was gaping wide,
Its links were dyed with red ;
But yet he paused not in his stride,
Heaped round him lay the dead.

His shield it broke, his charger fell,
But still on foot he fought,
His sword, with both hands wielded well,
Rude lessons rudely taught.

But when his "Ave" ceased at last
He dealt yet one more blow,
And then, his life blood failing fast,
Sank down amidst the foe.

His tongue grew dumb, his fight was o'er,
His heart had ceased to beat,
He could not say one "Amen" more,
That was his last defeat.

The Lithuanians gathered round
The fallen knight to see,
The chalice now was safe and sound
Through his well told "Ave."

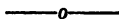
God give him yet a stall of worth
For all that he hath striven,
Who hath so nobly prayed on earth
Should say "Amen" in heaven.

E. GEIBEL.

CHARADE.

SOME thousand sunlit sheep at play
 Were scattered o'er an open plain,
 An older eye than ours to-day
 Was sweeping o'er the same champaign.
 They wax not old those sheep, but drink
 New life blood from a deathless brook,
 A shepherd leads them to the brink
 Who owns a lovely silver crook.
 Thro' golden gates he leads them out
 And counts them over every day,
 So oft as he hath led the rout
 No single one has gone astray.
 An old dog aids him in his task,
 A sage old patriarch leads the way,
 Now who are these my sheep ? I ask ;
 Their gentle shepherd's name I pray ?

SCHILLER.



THE BYSTANDER.

ONCE in the visions of the night
 That flitted wildly through my brain,
 Methought I saw a goodly sight,
 A picture you might not disdain.
 Methought there sat upon a hill
 That all could see, a giant dame :
 Of sportive mood she seemed, and still
 Prepared for any childish game.

A crown she wore, or seemed to wear,
A queenly sceptre seemed to own,
Tho' vast of stature she was fair,
And many bowed before her throne.

Then came and stood, her throne beside,
A humpbacked dwarf, uncouth of mien,
Who for her pastime gaily tried
His quips grotesque and sallies keen.

A man of fair proportions came
And stood behind the ungainly pair,
With haughty glance he eyed their game,
But in their pastime scorned to share.

The giantess arose, and seized
A star that twinkled in the sky,
So hard its golden orb she squeezed
She made the sparks in showers fly.

The dwarf he made a sudden dash,
And seized upon the falling litter,
And stuffed his pockets with the trash,
And revelled in the empty glitter.

Then on the clouds that hung o'erhead
His giant mistress laid her hand,
And o'er her ample shoulders spread
Their purple mantle, dimly grand.

The dwarf, methought, made haste to creep
Its wrinkled plaits and folds within,
And from his lurking place would peep
With many a quirk and many a grin.

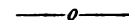
But when the merry dame, arrayed
In this her murky thunder cloud,
With sudden freak at thunder played,
And roared with all her voice aloud ;

The dwarf seemed stunned amid the roar,
And hid his face, tongue-tied and dumb ;
But when she hushed her voice once more
He soon began to hum and strum.

'Twas then the bystander moved off,
With fierce and unconcealed derision ;
I wondered much to hear him scoff,
It woke me from my pleasant vision.

Imagination was the dame,
And Wit the dwarf who stood beside ;
'Twas scornful Reason eyed their game,
And Minstrelsy the sport they tried.

RÜCKERT.



EVENING.

UPON the hill-side standing,
I watched the sun go down,
With golden glories branding
The forest's leafy crown :

The evening chimes were pealing,
While Nature sank to rest ;
With heaven's dews was stealing
Sweet peace on earth's still breast.

My sympathetic powers
Admitted all the spell,
"My heart," said I, "the flowers
All sleep—sleep thou as well."

All Nature's brood together
Their drowsy eyelids close,
Each fountain in the heather
In silence seaward flows.

The sylphs on leafy ledges
Lie wrapped in slumbers deep,
On dew-bespangled sedges
The dragon-fly's asleep.

The golden-mailed chafer
His rose-leaf cradle rocks,
The homesteads yield a safer
Retreat for timid flocks.

The lark amid the clover
Hath found its dewy nest,
And every woodland rover
Lies in its lair at rest.

Who owns what hut so ever
Hath ceased at large to roam,
Should distance true hearts sever,
The fond dream travels home.

A sudden longing fills me,
Impatience at delay,
Home-sickness 'tis that thrills me,
My home is far away.

F. RÜCKERT.

CHIDHER THE IMMORTAL.*

CHIDHER the immortal youth began—

“I visited a town of late,

Fruit-gathering there was a labouring man,

I asked him what was his township's date.

Said he,—but never his task he stayed,—

‘Our town hath ever been here,’ he said,

‘And wherefore should it ever fade?’

Five centuries later I passed that way,

Five centuries seemed to me but a day.

“Not a vestige of the town was there,

A shepherd was blowing his reed alone,

His flocks were eating the pastures bare,

So I asked him how long the town was gone.

He answered as if he held me cheap,

‘What if some things grow while others sleep,

This walk it hath ever fed my sheep.’

Five centuries later I passed that way,

Five centuries seemed to me but a day.

“And there I found the sea waves breaking,

A fisher casting his nets therein ;

While he a snatch of rest was taking,

I asked how long the sea had been.

He answered, as if I were a fool,

‘Ever since the floods commenced their rule

We have fished away in this briny pool.’

Five centuries later I passed that way,

The five centuries seemed to me but a day.

* The author of this legend was Mohammed Kazwini, an Arabian, who flourished about 1250 A.D. See a spirited prose version in Sir Charles Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, vol. i., p. 32; 6th edition.

“And then I found but a forest glade,
And a man hard at work in the wood,
Felling a tree with axe and spade :
I asked how long the forest had stood,
He answered, ‘It is a primæval wild,
I’ve dwelt therein since I was a child,
Trees flourish well in a spot so mild.’
Five centuries later I passed that way,
The five centuries seemed to me but a day.

“And there I found a city, aloud
The streets re-echoed with market cries,
I asked how there came a city so proud,
Where forest and sea had erst greeted my eyes ;
But none would hear what I could say,
They shrieked, ‘We are living from day to day ;’
What in the world our course should stay ?’
Five centuries hence I’ll go and see,
For five centuries seem but a day to me.”

F. RÜCKERT.

BARBAROSSA.

OLD Friedrich Barbarossa,
The Emperor renowned,
Is still alive, they tell me,
Entranced far underground.
He is not dead and buried,
He is but gone to sleep,
In some enchanted castle,
Or magic-haunted keep.

The glory of his kingdom
He took down yonder too ;
But in due course of ages
He'll bring it back anew.

The throne the Kaiser uses
Of magic wood is made,
The table is of marble
On which his head is laid.

His beard, no longer flaxen,
A glowing fiery red,
Long since grown through the table
On which he leans his head.

Amid his dreamy slumbers
His half-closed eyelid blinks,
And to his page, a pigmy,
At intervals he winks.

And thus he gives his orders,
"Run, Pigmy, now, and see
If still the ancient ravens
About the court-yard be ;

"If still an ancient raven
In his old haunt appears,
My magic slumber lasteth
Another hundred years."

F. RÜCKERT.

SIR OLAVE.

AT the portals of the Abbey,
See two red-robed figures stand—
One, he is the crownèd monarch—
One, the headsman of the land.
Spake the monarch to the headsman ;
“Hark ! that pealing chant must mean,—
“Now the nuptial rites are over—
See thine axe’s edge be keen.”
Chiming bells, and pealing organ !
Forth the thronging gazers fare,
Gay in gala dresses midst them
Move the brilliant bridal pair.
Pale as death—as sad and joyless—
Walked the monarch’s lovely child ;
Bold and joyous strode Sir Olave,
And his ruddy mouth it smiled.
With that ruddy mouth so smiling
Thus he hailed the gloomy king—
“Father of my wife, I greet thee,
Forfeit of my head I bring !
“I must die to-day—till midnight,
Stay the current of my fate—
So I may with feast and link-dance,
Mine espousals celebrate.
“Till the final dance be footed,
Grant me, Sire, oh grant me life,
Till I’ve drained the last full goblet,
Grant this favour to my wife.”

Saith the monarch to the headsman,
"We will grant our son reprieve—
Respite of his life till midnight,—
See thine axe be keen to cleave."

II.

Sir Olave he sits at his wedding repast,
And drained to the dregs is each goblet at last,
His bride on his shoulder in sadness is groaning,
Her sorrow bemoaning ;
The headsman is standing on guard at the door.

The ball has begun, and Sir Olave may clasp
His loving young bride in his tenderest grasp ;
They dance while the link-light around them is glaring,
A dance so despairing ;
The headsman is standing on guard at the door.

The fiddles strike up, and the sound of the lutes
Is merry, but morne is the wail of the flutes,
And all who beheld them were seized with a creeping,
And something like weeping ;
The headsman is standing on guard at the door.

And as they whirl on through the echoing hall,
"Dear wife," says Sir Olave, unheard of them all,
"The love that I bear thee will never be told,
The grave is so cold,
The headsman is standing on guard at the door."

III.

Sir Knight, the hour of midnight sounds,
Thy lease of life is closing,
When in a royal maiden's arms
Thou shouldst have been reposing.

The monks are muttering prayers for the dead,
And see, that axe-armed varlet,
He stands beside a sable block :
But he is robed in scarlet.

Sir Olave to the court descends,
Where links and glaives are glancing,
His red mouth smiles a scornful smile,
And thus he speaks, advancing—

“ I bless the sun, I bless the moon,
The stars in the sky that glitter,
The little birds that in the air
So blithely o'er me twitter.

“ I bless the sea, and I bless the land,
The flowers that gem the grasses ;
I bless the violets, whose soft blue
My dear wife's glance surpasses.

“ For the violet eyes of my own sweet wife,
My life I now surrender ;
I bless the lilac in whose shade,
We pledged our vows so tender.”

HEINRICH HEINE.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

WHEN, O ye babbling poets,
 When will ye cease to sing?
 When will the last of minstrels
 From this our globe take wing?

Are not the flowers all gathered?
 Are not the founts all dry?
 Have not the floods exhausted
 The long unchecked supply?

Nay, while the sun's bright chariot
 Pursues its azure way,
 So long the eyes of mortals
 Behold the light of day;

So long the storm winds bluster,
 So long the thunders roll,
 So long the lightning flashes
 Affright the trembling soul;

So long the glowing rainbow
 Kisses the gloomy cloud;
 So long as weary mortals
 To ceaseless toil are vowed;

So long as planets nightly
 Patrol the azure sky;
 So long as mortals cipher
 The spangled scroll on high;

So long as moonbeams glisten,
And loving hearts still beat ;
So long in rustling forests
The turtle doves retreat ;

So long as springs are verdant,
And fragrant roses blow ;
So long as bright eyes sparkle
And maiden blushes glow ;

So long as graves are gloomy,
And cypresses are grave ;
So long as eyes are tearful,
And breaking hearts are brave ;

So long the tuneful goddess
Will strew the earth with song,
Inspiring all the lieges
Who to her train belong.

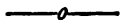
Aye—when the last of minstrels
Shall quit this earthly sphere,
With him the last of mortals
Is doomed to disappear.

The flowers of creation
The great Creator holds,
With smiling glance regarding
The wonders He unfolds :

What time these giant blossoms
Their very last have bloomed,
And earth and sun and Heaven
Are all at once consumed ;

Go ask, (if still thy spirit
For such like lore should long),
If then the last of minstrels
Hath sung his latest song.

GRAF VON AUERSPERG.



AN ENTERTAINMENT.

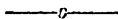
IN boyhood once, with a host benign,
It chanced me to be staying,
A golden apple was his sign,
Upon a long branch swaying.
“The Apple Tree” was the kindly home
That for the nonce received me,
With fleshy sweets and luscious foam
His bounteous stores relieved me.
There came to visit at his hostel
Some light and lithesome gentry,
Who danced and sang, and feasted well,
To celebrate their entry.
For sweet repose he gave me a bed
Within his grassy bowers,
He drew his curtains o’er my head,
To shield me from the showers.
He shook his tresses upon the spot,
When asked how much I owed him;
His bounty ne’er shall be forgot,
May countless blessings load him!

ÜHLAND.

THE NUN.

WITHIN her cloister garden
 A gentle lady stood ;
 The moon-beams saw her trouble ;
 Her tears, a quivering flood,
 At each fond thought redouble.
 " Ah, well-a-day !" she murmured,
 " My true-love 's dead to me ;
 Why should I now deplore him ?
 An angel he must be,
 So now I may adore him."
 She sped, with trembling footsteps,
 Towards the Virgin's shrine,
 Who stood, the full light playing
 Upon her form divine,
 The maid's pure fancies swaying.
 She sank before the image,
 Gazing her life away,
 Until, her eyelids closing,
 Death kissed her as she lay,
 Beneath her veil reposing.

ÜHLAND.



A PSALM OF LIFE.

TIME, the sleepless, onward speedeth,
 Swifter far than wind or wave,
 Know ye what its flight impedeth ?
 Know ye how its might to brave ?

Seize it swiftly, while it 's fleeting,
Take your pleasure as it flies,
Thus alone its glamour cheating,
Only thus ye'll win the prize ;

Winter's looming in the distance,
Winter comes at summer's close,
Brief the span of man's existence,
On his pathway strew the rose ;

Strew the rose in rich profusion,
Roses bloom around us here ;
Would that they to life's conclusion
Ever might our journey cheer !

Deeds of virtue high and holy,
Rose-like, with pure scents are rife ;
Blest is he who, meek and lowly,
Leads a pure and spotless life ;

With a halo, soft and tender,
Years shall crown his locks of snow,
Brighter than youth's dreams of splendour
Shall its deathless glory glow ;

Wealth of roses newly grafted
Shall enchant his failing eyes,
Till, by calm soft breezes wafted,
He shall enter Paradise !

J. G. VON HERDER.

THE COUNT OF GREIERS.

THE gay young Count of Greiers was strolling on his
lawn

On a lovely morning, watching the earliest streaks of dawn ;
He saw the far rock steeples lit up with fiery glow,
And, nestling in their bosom, an emerald glen below.

"O Alp ! green Alp," he murmured, "I feel thy mighty
lure,

How blest the hinds and maidens who breathe thy air
so pure,

How oft have I surveyed thee and missed thy potent
spell,

To-day thy fascination is more than I can tell."

Hark ! hark ! blithe sounds of piping his ears with music
fill,

Blithe troops of hinds and maidens come winding up the
hill ;

Upon the lawn and terrace soon spins the circling dance,
And sleeves of snowy whiteness 'mid wreaths and ribands
glance.

The youngest of the maidens, of comely port and slim
Her willing captive seizes ; there's no escape for him—
The vortex closes round him, and whirls him right away,
"Ah, good my lord of Greiers, thou must be mine to-
day !"

His escort, mad with frolic, carol full many a song,
As through the rock-perched hamlets they hurry him
along,

They skip through many a meadow, through many a
forest glade,

Upon the slopes of Alpland they make their merry raid.

A second morn already hath risen, and a third,
Still of his youthful lordship no tidings yet are heard ;
The sultry sun is setting behind a bank of cloud,
Upon the distant mountain the thunders echo loud.

The storm-clouds burst, the brooklet becomes a torrent
quite,
But when the vivid flashes light up the lurid night,
Amidst the billows tosses a swimmer—see, he clings
To that kind branch, and sudden himself ashore he flings.

“ Yes, here am I,” he answers, “ torn from the moun-
tain’s breast,
Amid the dance and revel the storm-sprites chased their
guest,
My friends all sought their safety in huts and deep-rock
caves,
Me only did the torrent sweep forth upon its waves.

“ Farewell, thou verdant mountain, with all thy folk so
kind ;
Farewell, ye hours of gladness, which saw the Count a
hind :
For such a blissful Eden I was not born, I own,
And so the wrath of Heaven soon sent me forth alone.

“ No more, sweet Alpine rosebud, my pulses thou must
thrill,
Not even these cold billows my throbbing heart can
still—
And, oh, ye magic circles, I’ll thread your maze no more,
Within thy halls, old castle, I’ll dream my frolic o’er.”

UP AND BE DOING.

AWAKE ! away ! come forth with me,
 And see the sparkling sunbeams play,
 O'er glistening brook and spangled lea,
 O'er hill and dale they frisk away.

The restless stream that seaward flows
 It never brooks delay,
 The moaning winds, without repose,
 Pass on from day to day ;

The gentle moon each day pursues
 Her course athwart the sky,
 The unwearied sun each day renews
 His wanderings on high.

Then why, my friend, shouldest thou alone
 In dreamy sloth repine ?
 Awake, and make the world thine own ;
 All idle dreams resign !

Who knows what bliss for thee may bloom,
 Then seek that thou mayst find ;
 The evening seals the morning's doom,
 Then lag no more behind !

Let care alone ! from fear refrain !
 The Heavens still are blue ;
 Joy hangs upon the skirts of pain,
 And Providence is true.

So far the heavens mantle earth
 The fruits of love abound,
 The heart that seeks will find no dearth,
 The bliss it seeks is found !

L. TIECK.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

EVENING's pallid marriage taper
 Flickers o'er the grave of Day,
 Through the wastes of murky vapour
 Vesper breezes faintly play.

Dim and dusky phantoms wander
 O'er the Moorland's misty sea ;
 From the distant turret yonder
 Swelling chimes peal o'er the lea.

Faint hearts tremble while they linger
 Mid the forests lone and drear ;
 Death hath laid his chilly finger
 On the foliage brown and sere.

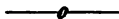
Like the moon, from storm-clouds risen,
 Welcome death on me looks down ;
 Through the bars of Psyche's prison,
 Glimmering without a frown.

Is not death the Liberator
 To the exile's spirit dear ?
 He who trusts his great Creator
 Never need the tempest fear.

Tho' his crazy bark be sinking
 Slowly midst the raging waves,
 From the rudder never shrinking,
All unblenched his fate he braves.

When, oh, when did bootless whining
 Turn the shafts of fate aside?
 Man must learn without repining
 Fortune's rudest shocks to bide.

F. V. MATTHISON.



THE GRAVE OF THE AMAL.

NIGHTLY where the swift Busento laves Cosenza's
 smiling bowers,
 Ghostly voices from the eddies echo on Cosenza's
 towers,
 While the shades of hardy Gothmen on the river's
 bosom glide,
 Alarich their king lamenting; sleeps he not beneath the
 tide?
 All too early there they laid him, from his kindred far
 away, 5
 Golden wealth of silken tresses clustered on his shoul-
 ders lay;
 On the shores of sad Busento all the cohorts stood in
 line,
 From its course to turn the river was the mournful
 host's design;
 Down amidst its ancient channel deep they dug the
 hero's grave,
 There they laid him in his harness, with his war-horse
 and his glaive; 10

There they laid him with his treasures, heaped the
 earth upon his tomb,
 Ever on the hero's pillow, golden water plants would
 bloom.
 Then the stream, again diverted, thro' its ancient
 channel tore,
 On their former haunts the waters entered with a
 mighty roar ;
 Then there rose the soldier chorus—"Sleep in peace
 beneath the wave, 15
 Sordid greed of Roman never shall profane our hero's
 grave—"
 Still at times the sturdy boatmen, while Busento's waves
 they stem,
 Hear the shades of hardy Gothmen chaunt their Amal's
 Requiem.

COUNT V. PLATEN.

—o—
 ABDALLAH.

AN EASTERN TALE.

By the side of a spring in the desert Abdallah was
 taking his rest,
 Around him were grazing his camels, the eighty were
 all he possessed,
 For he from Bagdad to Balsora had made a most pro-
 sperous trip,
 And now was returning unladen, a new caravan to equip;
 Meanwhile at the self-same spring, on foot, with a pil-
 grim's staff 5
 A Dervish, who came from Bagdad, arrived the cool
 waters to quaff.

They greeted each other—reclining together awhile in
the shade,
They praised the sweet spring for its waters, praised
Allah for shelter and shade;
They asked of each other in turn the news of each city
and mart,
What either desired to know the other was prompt to
impart ; 10
And each to the other recounted the news of each
wearisome stage,
The Dervish at last turned over a novel and wonderful
page—
“ A place in this region I know, and methinks it is easy
to find,
Full filled with unspeakable treasures to no mortal ever
consigned ;
Its jewels and gold were sufficient to charter a whole
cavalcade 15
Of four-score, aye, ten-score of camels, and leave little
trace of the raid.”
Abdallah was lost in amazement, and dazed with the
thought of the gold ;
The thought sent a thrill through his veins, his longing
was not to be told.
“ My brother, O dear my brother, let us hasten
away,” he replied,
“ The treasure can profit thee little, me much, do thou
be my guide: 20
Let us hasten with treasure to lade these four-score
camels of mine,
The burden of four-score camels will never be missed,
I opine—

To thee, my brother, I promise, such service of thine
to repay

The strongest and best of the camels with all he can
carry away."

To whom, the Dervish, "O brother, methinks it were
fairest and best 25

To leave me one half of the camels, for thee with their
burdens the rest.

The worth of the quadrupeds thou wilt recover a mil-
lion fold,

Had I kept silence, O brother, thou never hadst heard
of the gold."

"Well, so let it be, my brother, and come let us hurry
away,

We'll hasten to sever the camels, we soon shall appor-
tion the prey." 30

So he said, but in secret he sighed, much grudging the
loss of each load,

For avarice deep in his heart, and jealousy had their
abode.

So started the pair from their quarters, without any
further delay,

Abdallah walked after the camels, the Dervish showed
them the way,

And so they arrived at the hills, where a pass soon
loomed in their sight, 35

A pass that was narrow and dark, but led to a valley
of light :

Oh ! beetling and steep were the rock-walls that girdled
the desolate glen,

A virgin desert as yet all unused to the footfall of men :

They halted ; along with the camels Abdallah seated
himself,
He had severed them into two strings long ago, with
an eye to the pelf ; 40
Meanwhile the old Dervish had gathered, and piled at
the foot of the cliff,
Dry grasses and bundles of thorn, and kindled the
sparks with a whiff.
So soon as the crackling flames, high leaping, their
orgies begin,
With strange incantation and gesture he casts potent
spices therein.
The smoke rose in circling wreaths, almost overbear-
ing the day, 45
The earth quaked, the voice of the thunder had smitten
faint hearts with dismay.
So soon as the darkness had vanished, and daylight
descended once more,
They saw in the rock wall before them wide yawning
a well-fashioned door :
It led to magnificent halls, the like man had never
beheld,
So greatly the work of the genii the work of all mor-
tals excelled. 50
Its walls, built of jewels and gold, had a ceiling of
crystal so bright,
On golden pilasters supported ; carbuncles admitted
the light.
The golden pilasters between high piled the vast trea-
sures appeared ;
In profusion as yet unimagined, the gold to man's folly
endeared.

Intermixed with the golden masses, along the whole
 length of the hall, 55
 Blazed emeralds, rubies and diamonds; oh, who could
 take count of them all?
 Abdallah looked on in amazement, quite dazed by
 the sheen of the gold;
 A cold shiver shot through his veins, his greed it was
 not to be told;
 They fell to their work, but the Dervish selected the
 gems for his share,
 Abdallah cared only for gold, for gold was his idol and
 snare. 60
 In time he perceived his delusion, and emptied his
 sacks to exchange,
 For diamonds and jewels, the gold which had caused
 him an error so strange.
 Yet such was his greed, that the spoil he had looted
 caused him less joy
 Than the need that he had to abandon a portion occa-
 sioned annoy.
 The camels at last were laden, to the utmost extent of
 their strength, 65
 When Abdallah beheld with amazement the Dervish
 traverse the length
 Of the hall's long corridors swiftly, and open the lid
 of a chest,
 And choose from its treasures a casket, bestowing no
 heed on the rest.
 The casket was wooden and worthless, unworthy its
 contents appeared,
 No more, as it seemed, than the spikenard that bar-
 bers prescribe for the beard; 70

He carefully took it and tried it; occult were the
 charms it possessed,
But pleased was his smile as he stowed it full carefully
 deep in his breast.
The pair then quitted the caverns, it was clear they
 could carry no more,
The Dervish repeated the process by which he had
 opened the door,
And as it had opened it closed, with a thunder-clap—
 each on the spot 75
Took charge of his own string of camels, long since
 all apportioned by lot:
Together they started, together returned to the spring
 in their wake,!
The spot whence their roads would diverge, the roads
 they intended to take,
And there they parted, exchanging a warm fraternal
 salute,
Abdallah acknowledged his debt, with a fervour that
 none could dispute; 80
But as he was turning away he felt such an envious
 smart,
For each of the loads he gave up seemed as life-
 blood drawn from his heart:
“It is too bad a Dervish should have such treasure!
 my own camels too!
Wealth surely becomes not a man who so wholly to
 Allah is due!”
So thinking, he shortly resolved, without more ado to
 go back, 85
And follow as fast as he could on the Dervish’s vanish-
 ing track.

“Ho, dear my brother,” he cries, “halt ! halt ! for a moment, I pray,
Thy welfare it is that concerns me, oh, listen to what I would say :
Thou know’st not the burden of trouble, nor seest the cargo of care,
That thou on thy camels hast laden, thou’lt not find it easy to bear ; 90
Nor art thou aware of the malice that all camels nurse in their hearts,
But I from my youth until now have encountered their venomous arts.
I have had a full dose with the four-score, the forty are more than thy match ;
May be thou couldst manage the thirty, but that were a troublesome batch.”
To whom the good Dervish replied, “I am inclined to believe thou art right ; 95
I had already been fearing, my brother, to be in a troublesome plight ;
So take what thy heart desires, take ten more camels, I pray,
For why should’st thou from thy brother turn discontented away ?”
Him thanking, Abdallah departed, yet deep in his covetous soul
Thought, “Had I but asked him for twenty, the fool would have yielded the dole.” 100
Ere long he retraces his steps, for he cannot forbear to try,
The Dervish he hails from afar, who halts at the hail with a sigh.

“My brother, O dear my brother, just listen one
moment to me,
Unused as thou art to their tending, thy thirty too
many must be ;
Thou canst not imagine the self-will, the spite of the
obstinate brutes, 105
If thou’lt make me over ten more, it will save thee no
end of disputes.”
To whom the good Dervish replied, “My brother, me-
thinks thou art right,
I’d already been fearing ere long to be in a trouble-
some plight.
Then take what thy heart desires, take ten more camels,
I pray,
For why shouldest thou from thy brother turn discon-
tented away ?” 110
So soon as Abdallah perceived all was granted as soon
as he spoke,
His greed, waxing strong in his heart, all shackles of
decency broke ;
So giving the rein to his lust, he returns to the charge
yet again,
And screws ten more from the twenty, and finally nine
from the ten.
One only, his last, to the Dervish of all his possessions
remained, 115
Not even that petty exaction the greed of Abdallah
disdained ;
He flung himself down in the dust, and grovelling
clung to his knees,
“Thou wiltst not deny me the last, who hast hearkened
to each of my pleas.”

"Well, take thou the camel, my brother, for which thy
 bosom doth yearn,
 'Tis-a trifle : I would not that thou from thy brother
 in dudgeon shouldst turn ; 120
 Be pious and wise in thy wealth, be humble before
 the most High,
 For He hath the might to resume the treasure He deigns
 to supply."
 Him thanking, Abdallah departed, now pondering deep
 in his heart,
 What could have induced the old fool with his riches
 so lightly to part ?
 Then suddenly thought of the casket—"oh, that must
 be really the gem, 125
 How pleased was his smile as he stowed it so carefully
 deep in his hem."
 Returning, he cries, "Oh, my brother, dear brother, one
 syllable more,
 On a casket, so worthless and vile, thou surely canst set
 little store ;
 For what hath a pious Derveesh to do with a worldly
 toy ?"
 "It is thine," said the saint, "if thou wilt ; and now I
 will wish thee joy." 130
 A tremor of genuine joy there thrilled through the
 covetous fox,
 On finding himself in possession of that mysterious
 box.
 He asked—no longer pretending the semblance of
 thanks to profess,—
 "Oh ! tell me, I pray thee, what virtues this mystical
 nard may possess ?"

Saith the Dervish, "Allah is great, and wonderful too
is the nard, 135

Anoint thy left eyelid therewith, thy vision all films
will discard,

And clearly thou'lt see all the wealth in the depths
of earth's bowels confined,—

Anoint thy right eyelid therewith, and thou wilt be
instantly blind."

On hearing its wonderful virtues at once all his
cravings returned,

Himself to make proof of its powers Abdallah now
eagerly yearned ; 140

"My brother, O dear my brother, thou wilt do it far
better than I,

Anoint my left eyelid, I pray, that the gold of the
earth I may spy."

The Dervish at once complied, and Abdallah was
mazed to behold

The masses of glittering ore, and the rich veins of
silver and gold,

The emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, and gems yet
more precious and rare, 145

Each in its own cradle reposing, the vision was dazzling
and fair,

Abdallah was dumb with amazement, and dazed with
the sheen of the gold ;

His blood it ran cold in his veins, for his greed it was
not to be told,

A sudden idea flashed o'er him that if he anointed
both eyes,

He would acquire as well as behold the wealth, the
sole aim of his sighs, 150

“ My brother, O dear my brother, oh, hear me, I pray
 thee, once more,
 Anoint my right eye with the nard as thou didst the
 left one before,
 Oh grant me, my brother, I pray thee, this one last
 petition of mine,
 And then we will go on our ways, and the blessings of
 Allah be thine.”

To whom the good Dervish, “ Oh brother, I told thee
 nothing but truth, 155

Nor did I disclose the rare powers of this wonderful
 nard for thy ruth,

For since it hath been my lot all these blessings on
 thee to bestow,

I would not that mine were the hand to consign thee
 to wailing and woe.”

Abdallah holds fast to his error, as deeming himself
 most acute,

And envy, the sin that besets him, to others he's prompt
 to impute. 160

So each refusal he meets with but gives a fresh spur to
 his will,

Till anger, soon added to envy, commences his bosom
 to fill ;

At last with a smile full of scorn, “ Thou tak'st me,
 methinks, for a child,

What opens one eye cannot blind its fellow, I'm not
 so beguiled.

Then instantly salve the right eye as thou did'st its
 fellow just now, 165

And, know that I can use force and will, if thou yield
 not, I vow.”

But when to the threats were added rude violence, then
with a sigh,

The Dervish, silently yielding, prepared with his will
to comply.

The nard was applied: on a sudden a veil o'er his vision
was drawn,

He entered at once on a night that never would end
in a dawn. 170

"O Dervish, wicked and base, then what thou saidest
was true,

Quick, open the stores of thy knowledge the wrong
thou hast done to undo."

"I have done thee no wrong," said the Dervish; "thy
bidding compelled to obey,

Thou art now at the mercy of Allah, who hath purposed
thy sin to repay."

Then, wailing, he rolled in the sand, and the desert
resounded his cries; 175

The Dervish, turning away, was deaf to his shrieks and
his sighs.

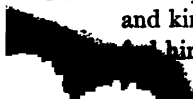
Away to Balsora they went; the four-score camels and
he,

Abdallah remained in the desert, as wretched and lone
as could be:

The sun he no more would behold had finished its
course in the sky,

Again, on the morrow, it passed and beamed yet again
from on high, 180

But still he lay languishing there till a traveller, pious
and kind,

 him off to Bagdad a mendicant, crazy and

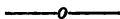
THE SHOWER OF RAIN.

A TOWN there was, I know not where,
 But once there fell a shower there,
 And all its folk became insane
 On whomsoever fell the rain.
 Its folk were smitten, all but one,
 And he, 'tis said, escaped alone,
 Because he chanced to be asleep,
 Just when the clouds began to weep.
 And 'twas not till the storm had passed
 That from his dose he woke at last,
 But when he went to take a walk,
 He heard his neighbours strangely talk ;
 And this is how they acted, when
 He met a crowd of idle men.
 Some ran at him, some ran away,
 And others gaped like fools, they say.
 Some pelted at the stars with stones,
 And hailed the virgin moon with groans,
 Some robbed him of his purse and gold,
 And others gave him theirs to hold ;
 One thought himself a monarch crowned,
 And proudly gazed on all around ;
 Another, seized with mad distrust,
 Lay down and grovelled in the dust ;
 One scolded, while another cursed,
 Or into fits of laughter burst ;
 One chattered of he knew not what,
 Another marvelled at the sot ;

But he who had kept his reason still,
He marvelled if they all were ill :
He looked them o'er from top to toe,
And wondered how it could be so :
But they all marvelled more at him
Who seemed alone without a whim,
And set him down at once a fool
Because he was not of their school :
For sooth they deemed that they were wise,
And his poor reason did despise :
At last they fastened on his coat,
One seized his hand, one griped his throat,
One gave a push, and one a shove,
They all were deaf to wrath or love.
Their menaces and threats grew loud,
In vain he tried to 'scape the crowd,
He heard the scoff, he marked the frown,
They tossed him up, they flung him down,
Each caitiff played him some mad trick,
And so he hurried homeward quick,
Bespattered, bruised, nay more, half-dead,
Right glad his heels had saved his head.
Now hear the moral of my tale,
For this our age it may avail.
Our age, methinks, it is the town
With fools and madmen thickly strown ;
The love of Heaven and one's mother
Is wisdom far o'er any other ;
The highest meed to do God's will,
Though it should try our utmost skill :
The all-pervading shower of rain,
That now hath made all men insane,

Is greed, and avarice, and pride,
With envy which doth rampant ride.
If one God-fearing man there be,
He soon is banned by all you see :
They mob him over hill and dale,
Their taunts his precepts all assail,
The love of God they madness deem,
And piety an idle dream ;
But well the Christian knows that they
Are truly mad, whate'er they say,
For they have left the light behind
More sightless than the truly blind.

PIERRE CARDINAL.



NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The ladies of the Pyrenees
For me, but bucks Parisian !
For men of honour, Genoese,
For courtiers the Castilian,
For minstrelsy the Marseillaise,
For pearls of price the Giulian,
For dance the damsels of Treviso,
For lasses the Etrurian,
For stature the Aragonese,
For face and limb the Anglian.

EMPEROR FREDERICK.

ANOTHER VERSION.*

Give me the gay gallants of France,
Give me the dames of Catalan,
Give me the minstrels of Provence,
But courtiers Castilian ;
Give me for pride the Genoese,
Give me for strength Aragonese,
Give me the dance of Treviso,
Give me the pearls of Giulio,
For beauty the Italian,
For manly grace the Englishman.

EMPEROR FREDERICK, THE TROUBADOUR.

* " Plas mi cavalier Françaiz,
E la donna Catalana,
E l'onorar del Geners,
E la Court de Castellana ;
Lou Cantar Provençalez,
E la tanza Trevisana,
E lou corps Aragones,
E la perla Juliana,
La mans e kara d'Angles,
E lou donzel de Toscana.

"It is not possible in English to make the rhymes all rest on the proper names."—*Gay Science*, vol. I., p. 246.

AN IDYL OF THE WEALD, IN SONNETS.

I.

EAST MASCALLS.

WHERE midst a bright expanse of spangled meads,
Befringed with alders black and fallows pale,
The languid Ouse winds through the Wealden vale,
Where many a herd of lusty red kine feeds

Among huge elms, and oaks which grow like weeds,
And tangled brakes, where the sweet nightingale
Trills to the listening spheres her plaintive tale
The stolid rustic hears, but little heeds:—

There, dear old House, now desolate and lone,
My childhood's home, thy gabled structure stood,
Of black oak framed, but healed * with flakes of
stone,

Within thy drooping eaves her downy brood
The white owl reared, in niches not unknown,
And from the neighbouring barns purveyed them
food.

II.

THE OWL.

The owl, thy lodger once, sole tenant now !
Unless, indeed, she haply claims to be
Thy landlord, since long user gives the fee,
And lets out chambers to the rats—but how

* *Healed*, an Anglo-Saxon word in common use in Sussex—
hælan, to cover in.

She takes her rent, I know not, but, I trow
It is in kind—methinks, if I were free,
And born in fur, and owned an ancestry
Four-footed, and long queued, I'd not allow
Such quarters to be vacant, while the barns
Hard by afforded grain, and ghosts were free
To scare away my foes, and weave me yarns
Of many a long-forgotten tragedy.—
We love the thrilling tale, that so incarns
Those bones, whose secret else were only known
to thee.

III.

THE ARCHITECT.

Who was thine architect, or in what age
Those beams of twisted oak were interlaced,
In mingled hearts and diamonds, such as graced
Old Cheshire halls of yore, no modern sage
Can venture to determine, I would wage.
On sacred sculptures now long since effaced,
The name of thine old Mascalls had been traced
In the fourth Edward's reign—their heritage,
Ere good Queen Bess held sceptre, passed away:
Then—ere she well was seated on her throne—
Our ancestors possessed thee; aye, and they
Were Cheshire born, and doubtless joyed to own
A southern home, whose fretwork, black and gray,
Recalled the childhood's home whence they had
flown.

IV.

THE DATE.

In some primæval forest grew the oak—
Such oak might well have ribbed the fabled ark—
Whose beams, encumbered still with native bark,
Uphold thy ponderous roof; and curious folk
Traced in their rough-hewn bulk the frequent stroke
Of chisels, which had sunk their trenchant mark
In mortices, whose present use was dark,
Unless those girders bore some older yoke :
And so we deemed that they had erst upborne
The vanished fabric of some elder Hall,
Long ages since of all its graces shorn,
Upon whose ruins rose majestical
Thy graceful form, whose ruin now we mourn ;
No heart of oak escapes the doom reserved for all.

V.

THE MASCALLS.

What if the race who bore thy ancient name
Achieved no spurs by deeds of martial glory,
They own at least a niche in civic story,
Some meed of praise is theirs, and humble fame.
A Mascall once was great on fish and game,
And doubtless in his day a zealous Tory,
For he reformed the stews, and filled their hoary
Ooze beds with carp, which at his bidding came
From o'er the seas ; and orchards were his care :
Well versed was he in horticultural lore—
The tomes he wrote are quaint and somewhat rare.

Another owned a see *—but then he wore
A mitre, in the west, so I forbear—
My muse to mitred themes declines to soar.

VI.

THE FISHERMAN.

A goodly coat, old House, thy Mascalls bore,
How won I know not; 'twas six *fleur de lis*,
Within a bordure, and their pedigree
Was duly scanned and verified of yore :
But records show—we used to love such lore—
That when, long ages back, they aliened thee,
Their kin long lingered néar in poverty,
Where now their very name is known no more,
And deemed extinct—yet when I sought to blame
A stranger fishing in thy brooks one day,
Unlicensed, for the trout, and asked his name,
“My name,” he said, “is Mascall, and they say,
My father's sire from out your village came.”
So for his fathers' sake I bade him fish away.

VII.

CHANGE.

Yes, all we love is doomed to swift decay,
And every loving heart both aches and bleeds
As years roll on, and age to age succeeds,
And fortune's smiles successive dupes betray ;
Yet when we speak of races swept away,
We tell their tale in vain, for no man heeds
The woe that mingled with their weal, or reads
His fate foreshadowed in their evil day.

* John Mascall, Confessor to the King, and Bishop of Hereford, 1410 A.D.

The wheel of fortune swept thy Mascalls down,
And brought thy Newtons up, who in their turn
Displayed their sable Lion of renown
Upon thy casements ; yet could not discern
What fortune had in store for them—her frown.
So now they own but ashes and an urn.

VIII.

ABSENCE.

Their blood remained, their name was heard no
more,
When we, their kinsmen, entered on their lands,
Yet left thy care, old House, to stranger hands,
Who, careless of thy weal, too long forbore
To heal thy gaping wounds, or to restore
Thy failing props, or heed what just demands
The absentee too frequently withstands ;
A century of absence left thee hoar.
And then,—too late,—we came and sought to heal
The hurts which time and tempests had dispensed ;
In vain, too deep they were for all our zeal ;
Not all the care, whose epoch then commenced,
Availed thee ought—decay had set its seal
Upon thy frame too long unreverenced.

IX.

LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

Yet, dear old House, we learnt to love thee well
With all that tender reverence that springs
To vigorous life in fond young hearts, and clings
As close as any lichen ;—its weird spell

No lapse of years, nor rudest wrench can quell ;
All later loves are mortal, and time brings
The healing balm of Lethe on its wings,
And brooks not that its patients should rebel.

But where's the stony heart that does not burn
Throughout its chequered pilgrimage,—so rife
With bitterness and heart ache,—to return

To childhood's happy scenes, so free from strife
Contented if long years of labour earn
The right to store the fruit where burst the bud
of life.

X.

CHRISTMAS.

Not frosted silver, nor the yellow gold,
Was dearer than the lichens on thy stone
Which feigned such lustrous tints when sunbeams
shone :
The ivy wreaths that clung, with steadfast hold,
To all thy joints, and lapped, with many a fold,
Thy grand old chimneys, and thy roof o'er grown
With tangled creepers, and a crop self-sown
Of mossy bloom, we loved with love untold.
Thy overhanging porch was our delight,
Its sculptured bargeboard, and thy stone-paved
hall,

XI.

WINTER.

We loved thy broad hearth with its faggot flames,
And blazing yule-logs on the larch-spray piled,
What time the wintry blasts blew fierce and wild,
And made the casements rattle in their frames.
No evening then too long for cheery games,
No day for sport—joys ever new beguiled
The fleeting hours, alike when sunbeams smiled,
Or rain-clouds wept ; the future Nimrod blames
Nor frost nor storm, but views with high disdain
All winter's freaks ; so long the smooth cheeks glow
With rosy tints, he courts the chilly rain,
And loves to track the coney in the snow,
Or trap the famished birds with scattered grain,
And learn the hunter's wiles with harmless bow.

XII.

SPRING.

Dear were thy lawns, thy gardens, and thy flowers,
None ever since have seemed so sweet and fair,
Of all the choice exotics, deemed so rare,
That grace the civic shows. Thy woodland bowers,
So soon they felt the soft Spring's genial showers,
Were gardens inexhaustible, the air
Was redolent with hyacinths, and there
Too swiftly sped blithe childhood's sunniest hours.
We loved to spoil the Primrose tufts that grew
Profusely in each coppice, and could tell
The birthplace of all rarer flowers that blew.

No native songster of each haunted dell,
Tho' day by day she sang their praise anew,
Could ever find their secret haunts so well.

XIII.

THE SWALLOW.

When Autumn gathers in her golden sheaves,
The swallow, faithful to the Summer, flies
From northern winters to the southern skies,
And, ere the chill blast strips the yellow leaves
From off the elm, her distant goal achieves ;
No sunny dream of beauty in her eyes,
Nor all the splendour of the Tropic vies
With her ancestral home beneath thy eaves,
Nor weans her heart from thee ; the budding rose,
Sure harbinger of Spring, sees her return,
And build her stuccoed chambers in neat rows,
And rear her twittering offspring swift to learn
The love of thee, that in her bosom glows,
The lesson they will teach their progeny in turn.

XIV.

THE SPRING UNDER THE OAK.

His favourite fount, Rome's sweetest bard endowed
With deathless fame by his immortal lays,
Oh! should my humbler muse forbear thy praise
Nor pay the fitful honours that she vowed,
That so thy sparkling waters might be proud,
Of that young love which peered with wondering
gaze
Into thy crystal depths in olden days,
And wooed those pearl-bright charms age cannot
cloud,

O most beloved of springs ! whose waters well
 From out their mossy basin in the shade
 Of that wide branching monarch of the dell,
 Who, in time-honoured majesty arrayed,
 Looms o'er the lawns,—a giant sentinel,—
 And guards thy shrine at which our daily vows
 were paid.

XV.

HOME.

The Highlander loves most his own bare rocks,
 The Lowlander his cabin on the plain ;
 The shepherd loves his hut among the flocks,
 The mariner his berth upon the main ;
 Dear is his earth—deep-burrowed—to the fox,
 Dear is his lofty house-top to the crane ;
 Dear is his stall and litter to the ox,
 The eagle in his eyrie loves to reign ;
 The yeoman loves his patrimonial plot,
 The anchorite adores his rock-hewn cell ;
 The humble peasant loves his lowly cot,
 The monarch loves his spacious palace well ;
 So Nature moves us all to love the spot,
 Where Providence disposed our sires to dwell.

XVI.

EXILE.

What wonder, then, we clung to thee, and deemed
 No other spot in all the world beside
 With thy unequalled charms had ever vied ;
 For us thy every nook and crevice teemed

With fond associations, and it seemed,
What time we knew we must no longer bide
Within thy crumbling walls, we had rather die
• No ray of hope our blank despair redeemed ;
No blindman's buff henceforth,—no crackling flam
Of faggots in thy hall,—no daisy chains
On thy fair lawns, no more those merry games
Nor quest of sweet white violets in thy lanes,
No Bran and Brenda more—familiar names
Of long-lost hounds whose love my memory st
retains.

XVII.

MY BLOODHOUND.

Poor Bran ! my noble sleuth-hound, long the dre
Of evildoers through the country side,
The vagrant's terror, but my joy and pride,
Who first received thee in thy basket-bed
A whelp, but newly weaned, and nobly bred
From royal strains—thy forest sires had plied,
Whoknows how long, their task, to guard and gui
The baffled keepers when the robbers fled,—
Not long to triumph in impunity,
Or with their plunder revel in repose,
When once upon their track, adown the lea,
The deep-toned voice of their relentless foes
Was borne upon the breeze, as warily
They followed on the trail with all-unerring nose.

XVIII.

BRAN.

But thou, my hound, hadst no such task to ply ;
Fast friends we were, and playmates ; it was mine
To win thy first affections,—it was thine
To greet me with fond glances, and to fly
To do my lightest bidding, and thine eye
Would beam upon me with all love canine :
Thy tawny ears intent would aye divine
The instant of my coming,—none but I,
And keeper Bates, my true and trusty friend,
Could ever claim thy fond fidelity ;
To others thou would'st rarely condescend.—
With canine faith few friendships ever vie—
Yet he whose home we left thee to defend,
Allowed my noble hound to pine and die !

XIX.

CHILDHOOD.

Oh happy days ! the days that are no more !
When faith and hope reigned all supreme—alone ;
When carking cares were utterly unknown,
And no mistrust as yet had forced the door
Of loving hearts, and cut them to the core !
Then calm content deemed every stool a throne,
And all that glittered gold : then every stone
Was marble. Then—the heart could heavenward
soar

And fetch its Eden down to earth below,
And see no flaw : Then vision was so keen,
That through the clouds it saw the golden glow.

Behind them:—Then—no passing mist could screen
The light of love that ever seemed to flow
In sun-lit streams and flood the bright rose-tinted
scene.

XX.

SEPARATION.

It came at last—the fatal moment came,
And we were doomed to quit thy cherished walls,
And cross the dreaded seas ; the helpless thralls
Of the hard fate we never ceased to blame.

Never with more unanimous acclaim
Did exiles mourn. No distance now appals,
When on all sides the shrill steam whistle calls,
Home sickness lives no longer, but in name.

But then no wires yet girdled all the earth
With sentient nerves, swift messengers of love :
The world was hardly conscious of the birth
Of that young Titan who was born to prove
That time and distance are no longer worth
A fleeting sigh, since man is swift-winged as a dove.

XXI.

WANDERINGS.

Eight weary years of wanderings transmarine
Could never wean our constant hearts from thee,
Nor Belgium's art, nor Brussels' revelry,
Nor Spa's bright fountains, nor her glades of green,

Nor Rhineland with her legends, nor the Queen
Of Elbe's fair flood, with her rich treasury,
Nor Baden's hill-girt bowers of forestry,
Nor fair St. Germain's terraced heights I ween,

Nor yet her royal forests, where the hounds
Taught us the secrets of each haunted glade,
Till her own stags scarce better knew their bounds.

And yet we joyed beneath the darkling shade
To list the deafening medley of strange sounds
When pealed the death blast midst the princely
cavalcade.

XXII.

· YEARNING.

We were but eight who left thee—twelve returned ;
For three new brothers and a sister came,
In those dark days of banishment, to claim
Our love, and share our lot.—And soon they learned

To share our love for thee—like us they yearned
To see the blissful Paradise whose name
Was ever on our lips and fed the flame
Whose fresh heaped fuel ever brightly burned.

For absence makes fond hearts yet fonder grow,
And distance hides the blemish and the blot ;
The moon, which seems all brightness from below,

Hath doubtless many a bleak and dreary spot
Which mars her realms of light : did men but
know,
Would *longing* eyes be fixed with envy on her lot ?

XXIII.

THE PILGRIM.

The pilgrim, when he seeks the balmy shore
Of eastern lands, to lavish blissful days
Where cloudless suns pour down their sweltering
rays
On groves of palm and spreading sycamore,
Soon quits the pleasant boscage to adore
The distant peaks, which woo his raptured gaze,
Arrayed in dreamy robes of violet haze,—
Those towering peaks o'er which the eagles soar.
Visions of beauty float before his eyes,
And cloak the famine of the thirsty stones ;
How should he know the desert in disguise ?
He cannot hear the fainting victims' moans,
He only thinks to snatch a glorious prize,
No vultures' scream he hears, he sees no bleaching
bones.

XXIV.

THE DESERT.

He journeys onward over wastes of sand,
And, faint with drought, for ever pines to slake
His burning thirst, where many a phantom lake
Of mirage born, by desert breezes fanned,
Adorns the landscape of the barren land ;
But should he bend his footsteps to o'ertake
The flood, and leave his bearings for its sake,
His quest is vain, he sees a waveless strand.

Aye, where he saw the shimmering lake's repose,
He finds but smoking desert in its room ;
Where he beheld the violet and the rose,

The glorious hues which lured him to his doom,
The tinted haze drifts vanish, and disclose
The naked rocks, which rise in all their native gloom.

XXV.

THE RETURN.

So we, Old House, with faces homeward turned,
Still dazzled by the light of other days,
Beheld thee shrouded in a violet haze,
And knew not that the home for which we yearned

Was all a wreck ; but all too soon we learned
With other eyes—with other thoughts—to gaze
Upon the shrine we whilom wont to praise,
And incense on its altars dimly burned.

For though we knew it not, there hovered near
An angel, gloomy-browed and boding ill ;
And while we laughed and loved, and knew no fear,

His sword flashed down, and struck a sudden chill
Into thy gentle heart, my brother dear—
He drove his weapon home—his purpose was to kill.

XXVI.

HAMILTON HERBERT NOYES.

What if no sculptured slab records the spot
Where by the old church porch we saw thee laid,
Beside that ancient time-worn palisade,
Which fences off the old ancestral plot
Where kindred bones were laid, that now are not ;
What if no pomp of woe, nor vain parade—
The empty honours of the tomb—were paid
To thy dear ashes, thou art not forgot :
That dimpled face, those laughing eyes of blue,
That form erect, those flaxen locks so fair,
With my heart's eyes, dear Hamilton, I view
Instinct with life ; albeit witless where
Thy spirit-life is spent, among the crew
Of bright-winged guardian sprites who haunt the
viewless air.

XXVII.

IN MEMORIAM.

Oh, would that I might raise to thy dear name
A more enduring monument than stone,
That through long ages still might make its moan
Re-echo through the corridors of fame,
And, silver-tongued, to ears unborn proclaim
The budding graces of a cherub flown,
While yet its folded wings were all unknown,
To those celestial choirs from whence it came,

A beaming messenger of light, to cheer
Our days of darkness with its radiant glance,
And sunny smiles to memory so dear,

Sweet smiles whose brightness loving thoughts enhance,
When through the years we see thy wraith appear,
Like some angelic vision in a trance.

XXVIII.

FAREWELL.

Two decades now are fled of weary years,
Since those blue eyes were closed in their last
sleep,

And we no longer turn aside to weep
When thy dear name re-echoes in our ears.

For now that lot of thine more blest appears
Than ours, who did but linger on to reap
A harvest of adversity, and keep
Our restless vigils in a vale of tears.

'Twas well for thee so soon to find repose
In those blest realms where happy spirits dwell,
Secure from all the wiles of ruthless foes,

And faithless friends, who make of earth a hell.

Rejoice we, then, that thou art spared our woes,
While once again we breathe our last—our brief
farewell.

1863.

OCCASIONAL LYRICS.

NINA.

NINA was my only treasure
 In the days when we were young ;
 Nina's joy my chiefest pleasure,
 Nina's love was not unsung.
 False was Nina, false and cruel,
 Yet I cannot quench the flame,
 Blazing up with fresh heaped fuel,
 When my spirit breathes her name.

Cruel Nina, when we parted,—
 Parted too to meet no more,
 I was more than broken-hearted,
 Mindful of the days of yore,
 When that sheen of raven tresses
 Bound for me those cherished brows ;
 Mindful of those fond caresses,
 Sealing fondly trusted vows.

Thou wast hard of heart, and heedless
 Of the wreck that thou hadst wrought,
 Mother-taught that love was needless
 So a suitor came well fraught
 With full money bags o'erflowing
 Into coffers yawning still,
 All thy purchased favours owing
 To a boasted depth of till.

So it was thy vows were broken,
 So it was my love was sold,
Love that I by many a token
 Long had deemed as good as gold,
So it proved, to my confusion,
 Just as good, and nothing more,
Still I mourn the fond illusion
 That has cast my bark ashore !
Thou hast bought thy burly banker,
 Thou art laden with his gold,—
Is there in thy heart no canker
 Dating from those days of old ?
Hast thou found thy bargain baneful ?
 Is thy purchase worth its price ?
Hast thou proved thy venture gainful ?
 Is thy home a paradise ?
What if mocking phantoms haunt thee,
 Flitting wildly through thy brain ?
Should I ever stoop to taunt thee ?
 Stoop to glory in thy pain ?
Not a loop-hole for repentance
 Looms there through the trackless gloom :
Thou hast sealed the fatal sentence,
 Thou hast ratified the doom !
I have never sought thy sorrow
 Since I wooed thee for a wife,—
Love like mine could never borrow
 Solace for a wasted life,
From her woes, whom it had panted
 Safe to shield from every harm,
With the utmost vigour granted
 To a husband's loving arm.

No, I could not seek thy sorrow
For the wrong that thou hast done,
I would pray for thee a morrow
Brightened by a cloudless sun,
While I bear my burden—trudging
On my cloudy path alone—
Never craving, never grudging
All the tinsel on thy throne.

ISABELLE.

THE brook that sparkles through the dingle,
So frolicsome and full of glee,
While o'er the boulders and the shingle
It dashes downwards to the sea,—
Flings high its jets of diamond spray
To greet the sunbeams in their play;
While every murmur seems to say
Its waters are as blithe as they.

But when Glynllivon's lawn it laves
With deepened stream and sobered waves,—
As though some swift and sudden spell
Had wrought a charm its mirth to quell,—
Those sparkling waters leap no more,
And all its sportive mood is o'er :
Why is it, why ? it knows full well
It 's not so bright as Isabelle.

The hairbell's graceful form that 's seen
On yonder banks of mossy green,

Where on the streamlet's laughing wave
 The denser foliage casts a shade,—
 It blossoms not upon the glade
 Which those sad silent waters lave ;
 Why is it, why ? it knows full well
 It 's not so fair as Isabelle.

The woodbine's scented wreath that clings
 So closely to yon sheltering trees,
 Its clustered bloom profusely flings
 Upon the bosom of the breeze—
 Its clusters are not half so fair
 As are the tresses of her hair ;
 It rues the truth, it knows full well
 It 's not so sweet as Isabelle.

1854.

 TO BAYE.

WHITHER, Baye, so archly tripping
 Up the polished stair,
 Like some little fairy quipping
 Jokes without a care ?

Whither, Baye, so gaily tripping
 Up the polished stair,
 Light hearted as the wild bee sipping
 Dew from blossoms rare ?

Whither, Baye, so softly tripping
 Up the polished stair,
 Light footed as the roe deer skipping
 From her forest lair ?

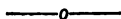
Whither, Baye, so fleetly tripping
Up the polished stair,
Fleet as fleetest hound outstripping
Flies the hunted hare?

On a message of thy mother's
Up the polished stair;
On an errand of thy brother's,
Thou'lt not loiter there.

Ah, then, we must not detain thee
On the polished stair;
Well we know 'twould only pain thee
To be lingering there!

But when thy loving labour's o'er,
Down the polished stair,
Tripping leisurely once more,
Thou wilt linger there!

1859.



BRITISH GEMS.

TAKE the jewels of the mine,
Make Golconda's treasures thine;
All their lustre I resign,
British gems alone be mine.

Tempt me not with jacinth rare,
Saintly sapphires I eschew,
So that lashes long and fair
Fringe for me those eyes of blue;

Golden hair and laughing eyes
Are the jewels that I prize ;
Sunny looks and dimpled smiles,
Jewels of the British Isles.

Take the opal's fiery flush,
Grudge me not the cheeks that glow ;
Give me but the tell-tale blush,
I will let the beryl go.

Take the ruby, flashing fire,
Leave the ruby-lips to me ;
Pearly teeth shall wake my lyre,
Leave the pearls beneath the sea.

Golden hair and laughing eyes
Are the jewels that I prize ;
Sunny looks and dimpled smiles,
Jewels of the British Isles.

Take the emerald's quivering green,
Take the crystals of the sea ;
Leave me but my fairy-queen,—
Fluttering faith and artless glee.

Take the sard, the almandine,
Take the purple amethyst ;
Leave me but sweet seventeen,
Take the casket, if you list.

Golden hair and laughing eyes
Are the jewels that I prize ;
Sunny looks and dimpled smiles,
Jewels of the British Isles.

THE GARDEN BY THE LAKE.

I know a garden by a lake,
It owns two fragrant trees,
The breeze
Plays softly through their boughs ;
I love it for their perfume's sake,
For all their fostering care
So rare,
The cynosure of vows !

I know a garden by a lake
Where flowers grow apace,
And grace
The spot with countless charms ;
I love it for its beauty's sake
Its music and its mirth,
Its dearth
Of passion's rude alarms.

I know a garden by a lake,
A lily, slim and fair,
Floats there,
Upon the glassy wave.
I love it for the lily's sake,
Her snowy diadem
A gem
For which a prince might crave.

I know a garden by a lake,
Wherein a sweet wild rose
There grows,
A rose without a thorn ;

I love it for the rose's sake,
Oft doth her sunny smile
Beguile
The traveller forlorn.

I know a garden by a lake,
The bright forget-me-not,
I wot,
There twinkles like a star :
I love the garden for her sake,
For love and hope combined,
I find,
Within her petals are.

I know a garden by a lake,
I saw its heliotrope
Elope,
One day, with a sunbeam ;
Yet could she not her home forsake,
When she came back, her hue,
'Tis true,
Seemed like a golden dream. ` ,

I know a garden by a lake,
And there a violet creeps,
And peeps
From out her fragrant nest ;
I love it for her tiny sake,
Her breath, so subtly sweet,
Is meet
Incense for spot so blest.

I love the garden by the lake
For all that it contains ;
My pains
Will not be ill bestowed,
If but the music that I make,
The little wreaths I weave,
Receive
The smiles that I forbode.

Sept. 8, 1866.

MARGARET.

WHAT though but three short summers
Have sunned thee, little fairy, ;
What though thy life hath barely
Its gentle course begun,
Sweet Maggie, oh, how closely
Thy tendrils twine about me,
What should I do without thee,
Thou little darling one !

I love the golden tresses
That on thy shoulders cluster,
The dimpled smiles that muster
Upon thy cheek so fair,
The eyes so brightly twinkling
With glowing sparks of pleasure,
Like diamonds in a treasure
Of costly gems and rare.

I love that full browed forehead,
Where honesty reposes,
I love the glowing roses
That nestle on thy cheeks,

That mouth—but see my darling
Her little hymn reciting—
Her audience delighting—
’Tis not her mouth that speaks :

Upon each sparkling feature
We see her soul reflected,
Each one, though undetected,
Its eloquence displays ;
In harmony uniting
We find them all proclaiming
The utterance she is framing
In soft and lisping phrase.

Beyond her years in wisdom
She almost thinks too brightly,
And treats her task too lightly,
So great her zeal to learn ;
She shuns no length of lesson,
Nor shrinks from toil or trouble,
Her efforts all redouble
Her mother’s praise to earn.

Her fancy free and playful,
Her reason clear and steady,
Her wit so shrewd and ready,
So quick and keen her sight ;
The random shafts she launches
Full often at a venture,
Without a thought of censure,
Might put a foe to flight !

She would not hurt an insect,
Nor bruise a drooping flower ;
But with her utmost power
Contribute all her aid.
As yet she knows but little
Of trouble, pain, or sorrow ;
Long distant be the morrow
That bodes her aught of shade.

She boasts a steady purpose,
And owns a strong volition,
That brooks no opposition
To aught that she desires.
Her proud and stately mastiff
Her royalty confesses,
And meekly acquiesces
In all that she requires.

Her cushats true and loving
Applaud her gentle doings,
And greet with tender cooings
The coming of their queen.
But though she wields a sceptre,
She owns a fond allegiance,
And ne'er withholds obedience,
So due it be, I ween.

In tender fashion nurtured,
Her little, loving nature
Would seem of giant stature,
It owns so large a heart ;

Beloved by all around her,
I know not who would waver
In fire or flood, to save her
The peril of a smart.

But yet 'tis not the nurture,
How soft soe'er and tender,
That loving lieges render,
Makes her so sweet and mild.
'Tis but her mother's nature
(I own no fond delusion
In vouching such conclusion,)
That blossoms in the child.

A blossom that doth promise,
With ample show of reason,
To ripen, in due season,
To rich and precious fruit ;
With Heaven's gracious favour,
There surely is no peril
The branches should prove sterile
That own so fair a root.

Oh ! were it my fair fortune
To own so rare a treasure,
I'd know not how to measure
The precious, priceless boon ;
But well I know the memories
Of years of care and trouble
Would vanish, like the stubble
Before the flame, full soon.

But since, alas, high Heaven,
Its favour still denying

I'll have the more for thee !
Full well I know thou needest
No service I could render,
While loving hearts, and tender,
About thy steps abound ;
While Fortune, sweetly smiling,
Bestrews thy path with showers
Of all the fairest flowers,
That in her realms are found.

Oh may she never weary !
Alas ! that e'en my blessing,
The honest truth confessing,
Should not enhance thy bliss !
Yet love, divinely planted,
Should not be wholly bootless,
No blessings, e'en though fruitless,
Should ever come amiss.

Then why should I keep silence

A MISSIVE

TO M. A. T.

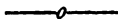
THEY tell me, dear Lady, you send me your love
 And wonder what_ever I'll send in return,
 And deem me a wretch not to take up the glove,
 Who little deserved such a favour to earn.
 But what can I send you? ah! what shall it be?
 Since little, or nothing of value I own;
 May be you would give little heed to the plea,
 And deem it a quibble, and me but a drone.
 Should I send you my thanks? it were shabby and
 tame,—
 Did gratitude ever a favour repay?
 Methinks I can hear you exclaim, "What a shame!
 I wish I had not thrown my favours away!"
 Should I send you best wishes? methinks you must
 know
 That wishes are apt to be idle at best;
 For all they are worth, they were yours long ago,
 And ever will be tho' they bide unexpressed.
 Should I send you my homage, my fealty vow,
 And bid you esteem me your slave at command?
 Albeit old fashioned the phrase, I'll allow,
 With somewhat of polish might possibly stand.
 Should I send you in token of friendship a spray,
 Whose fragrance may last, tho' its beauty should
 fade;
 And suffer the riddle my thoughts to betray?
 Not so could I fancy your bounty repaid.

Shall I send you my love? There once was a
time

I deemed it of some little value, I own ;
But error is said to be worse than a crime ;—
My heart for its error was doomed to atone.

Then what in the world can I possibly find?
There surely is nothing now left me but this ;
And since I can meet with nought else to my mind
I think I may venture to send you—a kiss.

July, 1866.



THE RESPONSE.

To answer your verses, my friend, I will try,
Though the subject you name makes me feel somewhat shy,
I own it is good in its own proper sphere,
And that is when givers are fond and sincere ;
A kiss from papa is a mark of protection,
The same from mamma of the fondest affection,
From brother or sisters a little less so !
And except to old friends, that's as far as I go.
For I am not like Cupid, who's said to be blind,
And gives them in sport, so, I pray, be resigned,
And content with my thanks, since I cannot do
better

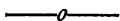
Than decline to receive one excepting by letter !

M.

1866.

TO A BAD CORRESPONDENT.

IF silence be a virtue,—
 And, let the truth be told,
 We know that speech is silver,
 But silence good as gold,—
 What wonder that fair ladies,
 Who all the virtues own,
 To make a good exception
 Omit this one alone.
 For why should I remind you
 Of what we learnt at school,—
 “It is the one exception
 That always proves the rule.”
 Yet not a single letter,
 Tho’ surely one is due !
 The rule of all exceptions
 Has its exception too.
 The golden gift of silence
 You add to all the rest ;
 Not one of all the virtues
 But nestles in your breast !



I must hunt up the virtues,
 And send out cards—to tea !
 Let Mrs. Resignation
 The first invited be.
 Her loving sister, Patience,
 Will follow in her train,
 And Hope, with all her cousins,
 To meet her not disdain.

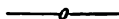
Well here we have her answer,
 "She is otherwise engaged,"
 She spurns me.—Ah ! my passion
 Will not be soon assuaged.

So many asked to meet her !
 Whatever shall I do ?
 What other course is open,
 For pity I must sue !

Since envious fate refuses
 To me her golden store,
 And barely grants me silver,
 And bids me hope no more :

Oh, grudge me not your silver,
 I would not ask for gold ;
 And let me bask in sunshine—
 I shiver in the cold !

1866.

*A VISIT TO TERLING IN 1858.**A FRAGMENT A LA CHAUCER.*

WHEN hot July, with its o'erpow'ring drought,
 Hath put sweet June's fair flowrets to the rout,
 And London's busy revelries all wane,
 And Cockneys tire of ball-rooms and champagne ;
 When softest zephyrs, with their balmy breath, 5
 Have rustled over every holt and heath,
 And wild south-westers, taking from their store
 A shower or two of hail, have hurtled o'er

The golden corn fields, and the summer sun
Hath in the solstice half his journey done, 10
Then sorely longeth many a weary wight,
From the dull town to take a timely flight,
Where lordly portals ope a friendly gate
To welcome many a martyr to the state. 15
And specially from tapedom's own domain,
To Terling Place there wend a lively train
Of weanling politicians, sure to find
Good cheer of body and repose of mind.
Befell that in that season on a day,
In Whitehall wrapped in red-tape as I lay, 20
Debating how I haply might assuage
My wistful longing for a pilgrimage,
A welcome summons to a company,
Collected at the Terling hostelrie,
Came not unheeded ; and I quickly rose 25
To journey thither, as I now depose.
But natheless, whiles that I have time and space,
Or that I further in my story pace,
Me thinketh it might not be incorrect
If I should lightly sketch, with due respect, 30
The portraiture—so as it seemed to me—
Of those who formed that goodly company ;
And eke in what array that they were in ;
So with our hostess will I first begin :—
Right worshipful she was, and eke serene, 35
Pleasant withal, and amiable of mien,
Affecting not with stateliness austere
The unbending fashions of a courtly sphere,
But richly dowered with a tender heart ;
Full gracefully she plays the hostess' part ; 40

Upon her cheeks sweet smiles benignly play,
Shapely her features, soft her eyes and gray ;
Her mouth full small, and thereto rosy red,
And sickerly she hath a goodly head,
Well furnished with an ample breadth of brow, 45
For she is not of slender growth I trow ;
Her rich brown tresses of fine silken hair
About her temples braided she doth wear.
A ready tongue withal she hath, I ween,
A subtle brain, and wit refined and keen ; 50
Whose shafts she launcheth with unerring aim,
And drives them through the harness of her game.
A coronet, her brows encompassing,
Proclaimeth her the Lady of Terling ;
Upon her signet graven doth appear, 55
Her motto, "Amor vincit omnia."
And eke she hath a daughter blithe as May,
Right a merry childe, that is ycleped Baye :
To paint the worth of one so bright and gay
The muse would scarce avail, whose grace I pray ; 60
How, then, should my rash pen attempt the task,
Unless it sought the aid of fancy's mask.
You might have seen a sight, not rare or strange,
Far up along some mighty mountain range,
A streamlet rippling from a fountain-head, 65
A torrent gushing o'er a crystal bed,
And dashing high its clouds of diamond spray
To meet the sparkling sunbeams in their play,
Murmuring the while, as though it would declare
Its merry waters were no whit less fair. 70
Those merry waters, full of sportive mirth,
Teeming with energies of recent birth,

Onwards, still onwards, rushing, gushing ever,
Downwards, still downwards, resting, nesting never,
Flow pure and sparkling, full of earnest life, 75
Seeking, aye, winning rest with joyous strife.
For, see, the eddying currents cease to quiver,
The roving stream becomes a peaceful river,
And smoothly glides through golden fields of grain,
Diffusing richest blessings in its train: 80
Yet hastening onwards still, with rapid motion,
Until it mingle with the mighty ocean,
And rest at last, unless it haply rise,
Wafted in misty vapours to the skies :—
So flows at best the chequered stream of life, 85
Through mingled scenes of joy and peace, and strife;
And this fair childe was like the mountain stream,
That loved to grapple with the bright sun-beam,
So pure, so bright, so full of mirth and glee,
Wild energy and joyous revelry. 90
Three maidens Erin sent to grace her train,
And o'er her liege's loving hearts to reign,
Whom I will next essay to paint for you,
Should you be pleased their portraitures to view.
The first, of lofty mien and features fair, 95
The softest graces of her isle doth wear,
By some forsooth yclept sweet "Mistress Vine,"
By others "Margérie"—well-skilled to twine
Her tendrils round the forms of voyageurs,
Whom destiny may offer to her lures; 100
Full well she loves to wear a winsome smile,
So oft she deign to deem it worth her while;
Her oval visage wears a rosy tinge,
Her eyes, like dew drops, set in jetty fringe,

Full craftily entrap each passing beam, 105
And wing its flight with many an added gleam—
Full many a knight and many a captive squire
Must yield them to her wiles, and then expire,
If that they bear no triple armoire
To fend them from her darts so fiery, 110
Before her wayward heart will ever yield
Its brimming quiver to a victor's shield.
Hard by a sister figure one might trace
With no less guerdon of her island grace,
Sprightly her form, distinguished is her air, 115
If that her features be not quite so fair,
Her wit is keen, and richly stored her mind,
Pleasant her presence, and her heart is kind,
Her speech is soft—with just a dash of brogue—
That faint suspicion which is all in vogue,— 120
And aids the winning voice and sunny smile
To spread the prestige of her charming isle.
Last, but not least, of Erin's daughters three,
A sweet, shy maid with raven locks we see,
Of form and feature pleasant to behold, 125
Of mind and manner cast in gentle mould,
Who, coyly shunning the rough gaze of men,
Would hide her graces from the common ken;
E'en so with drooping head in mossy gloom
The violet lurks, distilling soft perfume, 130
Hiding its graces, while the careless throng
Unheeding pass its shaded haunts among,
Content to bloom for gentle Zephyrs who
With tender, loving touch its balmy fragrance woo.
Then Kentish gardens sent their damsels twain 135
To swell the graces of that charming train,

Dark damsels with dark eyes and raven hair,
Full swelling forms, and features full and fair,
Of grave address, and port discreet and wise,
Wary in question, cautious in replies : 140
We know the stillest waters run most deep,
And they were still !—and haply thought to reap
Rich crops of wisdom from their neighbours' saws,
To win some future tribute of applause.
Then classic Avon sent a little pair 145
Of rosy maidens with bright golden hair,
And slender figures—saving crinoline—
Of air sedate and very sober mien—
Yet in their eyes a light one could divine,
Which, if one dared interpret such a sign, 150
As smouldering flames are oft betrayed by sparks,
Revealed that they could rival merry larks,
And, ever prone to wing a skyward flight,
In upper regions take no small delight ;
But yet rejoice to vibrate to and fro, 155
Not heedless of the little larks below,
And without any great disapprobation
Indulge a little innocent flirtation.
Such were the dames and damsels ; should you ask
About the squires, I greatly fear the task 160
Might prove beyond the limits of my powers
To aptly paint that merry band of ours ;
And deck their honest brows with fitting flowers :
And should I strew the blossoms at their feet,
Yourself, no doubt, would deem me indiscreet : 165
Such honours men are given to eschew,
So I put up my pen and bid you all adieu.

THE CEDARS OF TERLING.

SEE, the sun is declining apace
Behind the gray shimmering spire,
With a warm glow flushing his radiant face,
He dips in his fountain of fire.

How he gilds with his ruddiest rays
The bark of the cedar boughs,
So he heralds the night with a blaze,—
Sweet hour for the softest of vows.

Do you see those deep glowing blushes
That mantle the ancient trees?
So it is that a maiden flushes
When the form of her lover she sees.

And, oh! let not my fancy be blamed
The simile should it pursue;
For their constancy cedars are famed,
But is the fair maiden as true?

For as soon as the first blush of dawn
Has greeted the birth of the sun,
The old cedars, the pride of the lawn,
Deem the light of their life begun.

Oh! who can say how many years
They have basked in the blaze of his eye,
And blushed at their hopes and their fears,
And bade him adieu with a sigh.

If at times, for a moment of space,
His glory is lost in a shroud,
When he mantles his radiant face
In tissues of gathering cloud;

You will see the same vapours that veil him
O'ershadow the ancient trees,
Which impatient at once to bewail him
Will whisper and moan in the breeze.

But so soon he returns brightly shining
They throw off their weeds and rejoice,
Ever prompt, without any repining,
To don the bright hues of his choice.

For there is but one sun in their sky,
Their latest and earliest love,
At his bidding they smile and they sigh
And look for their guerdon above.

Is it so with the sweet blushing maid ?
Will she mourn when her lover's away ?
When he comes is her watching repaid ?
Is he the sole light of her day ?

What if dark clouds of sorrow steal o'er him,
If cares on his spirits should weigh,—
Will her winning voice seek to restore him ?
Her sympathy soothe them away ?

No, alas ! it's not so I much fear,
Too many orbs move in her sky,
And if one for the nonce disappear,
Some other is sure to be nigh.

Then, oh, why should her face lose its smile,
Her suns never ceasing to shine ?
What if one be o'er clouded awhile,
No reason for her to repine.—

What ! and wilt thou refuse to believe me ?
 One sun beams alone in thy skies ?
 What ! and do no false phantoms deceive thee
 That mirror the light of thine eyes ?
 Then remember the Cedars of Terling,
 Inconstancy ever disown ;
 And bid me, dear maid, be thy darling,
 And reign in thy fond heart alone.

1859.



LINES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR,

IN THE NAME OF A TAME BEAR WHICH HAD COMMITTED DEVASTATION ON HIS PROPERTY.

My bitter tears are falling,
 Although I am a Bear,
 I cannot help repenting
 That I thy garb did tear.

It was not done in anger
 'Twas love without its gloves !
 I cannot change my nature
 From bearish to a dove's !

It was not I who tore it ;
 'Twas but my luckless claws ;
 It was such a temptation,
 To hug thee with my paws !

Forgive me, and I'll promise
 Thy garb no more to tear,
 If thou wilt wear my guerdon,
 And think of me thy Bear.

Whose heart is thine, and never
Will greet thee with a growl ;
But often mourn thy absence,
With such a bitter howl.

But soon thou'lt come, and see me ;
So I will dry my tears ;
And wish thee every happiness,
In this and future years !

ANON.

Jan. 1, 1866.



RESPONSE.

O BEST of Bears, and can it be
Thy heart with bitter grief is fraught ?
Thou deem'st I could be wrath with thee,
For what mischance thy gambols wrought !

'Tis well, my Bear, thou hast thy lair,
In happy Illington's demesne,
Where loving fancies haunt the air,
And gentle spirits mildly reign.

Where bears may bide in calm retreats,
But bearish natures find no part ;
Where many a weary wanderer meets
With welcome flowing from the heart.

For surely never Bear before
A heart so tender did display,
Or aught of tears for tears outpour,
Or thus for pardon sweetly pray.

Oh ! would a thousand garbs were mine,
That so thou mightest rend them all ;
If for each tearing deed of thine,
Such welcome tears might shortly fall.

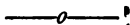
For welcome are the tears that tell
The tale of loving hearts and true,
E'en though in ursine breasts they dwell,
Secluded from the vulgar view.

For this the true forget-me-not
Shall ever knit my heart to thee,
And, whatsoever be my lot,
I'll owe thee suit and fealty.

And ever, while but breath be mine,
Though little else be left beside,
I'll breathe my vows for thee and thine,
That nought of ill thy lair betide.

With constant gratitude the while
Thy generous guerdon I will wear ;
And exile with fond thoughts beguile,
Oh ! best of bears, most gentle bear !

Jan. 3, 1866.



THE FRANCHISE.

THERE once was a time when a vote
Entitled the voter to choose,
And served, it was thought, to denote
The Briton's political views.

There once was a time when the Cit
Was proud of his voice in the state,
And troubled his head—not a whit,
For the gloss of a glittering bait.

There once was a time when the choice
Of a senator went by his worth,
And citizens giving their voice
Ne'er canvassed his moneybag's girth.

I fear 'twas a long while ago,
It is not for me to say when,
But many an M.P., I know,
Much longs for that good time again.

Now, 'tis but a question what money
His pockets may happen to hold ;
He is greeted with verjuice or honey
Just after the rate of his gold.

A vote—'tis no longer a question
Of shaping the course of the state ;
Its value—the owner's digestion
Alone can determine the rate.

What wonder that candour is shunted,
And Radicals raven and storm,
What wonder the franchise is hunted,
And Bright gives a howl for reform !

So long as a voter can treasure
His vote for its worth to himself,
We all have the Radical's measure,
He yearns for a share of the pelf.

Poor voters are sure to be venal,
Whatever the franchise may be ;
If bribery only were penal,
A strange revolution we'd see !

The taint of corruption is spreading,
There is no saying where it will wend,
It reaches from Yarmouth to Reading,
From John-of-Groat's down to Land's End.

What wonder, the worship of Mammon
Pervades the whole length of the land ;
For honesty's voted all gammon,
And honour as stable as sand.

The symptoms are truly distressing
If it were but confined to a few !
Alas ! we find ladies confessing
That they have a hand in it too !

What wonder no fair British maiden
Will part with a place in her heart,
Unless her fond suitor be laden
With goods that rank well in the mart !

One might have some small hesitation
In 'lotting the share of the blame
'Twixt briber and bribed, but the nation
Is lost, that is lost to the shame !

Oh ! soon may the sentence be written,
And sound the death-knell of the tribe ;
"A seat with the Commons of Britain
Shall never be had for a bribe."

Sept. 1866.

SONG FOR THE FARCE OF "DR. MARI-
GOLD," PLAYED AT PANGBOURNE.

To the tune of "Du Du liegst mir im Herzen."

DUET BETWEEN DR. MARIGOLD AND TROILUS.

COME, come, keep up your pluck, boy.
Yes, yes, now you are here !
Sure, sure, you are in luck, boy !
Yes, she's a sweet little dear ;
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
She is a sweet little dear.

Come, come, when did you meet her?
Why, why, yesterday last !
Well, well, how did you greet her ?
What, must I tell you what passed ?
No, no, no, no,
We will not mention what passed.

Well, well, where was the wooing ?
Nay, nay, that is not fair !
Come, come, what was she doing ?
Combing her bonny brown hair !
Oh, oh, oh, oh,
Combing her bonny brown hair !

What, what, what did she tell you ?
She, she, told me her love !
Ah then she will not sell you,
She's such a dear little dove ;
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
She is a dear little dove.

1867.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

As when a whispering swarm of honey bees
Obey the welcome summons of their queen—
What time the bright ambassadors of spring
Invite her from her native hive to seek
New quarters in some far Elysian fields
Whose virgin pastures yield untasted sweets,—
And throng her royal levee, and betray
Their grateful presence in some sunny nook,
By ceaseless hum of countless whirring wings,
E'en so, I wot, one bright September morn
A hum of murmuring voices stirred the air,
And broke the wonted silence of a mead, —
A lovely mead,—sequestered by the shade
Of darkling elms, from whence old Chelmsfo
rears
Her crown of clustered towers; and the sound

The sacred hearths of Britain's peaceful sons
From hostile inroad or domestic strife.
Amidst the throng their tattered banners waved
Which long had borne the brunt of many a storm,
Not scathless—yet in honor—void of stain
Save such as time and tempest might have wrought.
But life, tho' spent in honor, ends at last :
Not even standards can endure for aye,
Their day of doom had come, and never more
It would be theirs to float upon the breeze
Above the glittering brass and glancing steel,
And guide those brave and stalwart yeomen on
Where duty calls and honor leads the way.
For had not Essex dames and damsels deigned
To furnish in their stead new blazonry ?
If so it be the brave deserve the fair
'Tis well the fair should smile upon the brave :
'Tis well ! and so the brilliant bevy stood
Among the sunbeams beaming, to present
Their silken guerdon to the assembled troops,
While in their name a noble dame stood forth
And in such words as these their mind expressed—

“ Men of West Essex, lend me now your ears !
Deputed by the ladies of our shire
These colours, their own largess, I present
On their behalf to you—For prompt devotion,
And patriotic zeal your regiment
Was known in days of eld, when this our land—
So dearly loved—was locked by foreign foes,
And had but little left her for defence

Except the gallant spirits of her sons,
And the rude waves which rolled along her shores.
May Heaven avert such dangers from our homes,
And save us from the plague of horrid war,
While fast we hold that surest pledge of peace,
The righteousness on which a land may lean.
I'm well assured there standeth no man here
Who for his Queen and Country would not shed
His life's best blood, and patiently endure,
At duty's call, the utmost stress of woe,
Content to follow in those rugged paths
Which our heroic brothers lately trod
O'er Russian hills and Asiatic plains.
But, Heaven be praised, your lot hath fallen here
In these more pleasant places ; duty now
Demands of you no stern self-sacrifice ;
Therefore the more doth it become you all
To honor still your honorable calling
By strict attention to your discipline
In those light labours, which alone your Queen
Requireth at your hands—when these are wrought,
Bearing a bright example to your homes
Of lofty moral courage, which becomes
The honest man, and honest soldier too—
To you, their brave commander, Colonel Brise,
And all your gallant colleagues in command,
The ladies of fair Essex bid me now
In grateful sense of your gallant devotion
Express their obligations, and withal
Their constant wishes for your constant weal.
And for myself, proud as I am to be

The daughter and the sister of a soldier,
I will but humbly venture, ere we part,
To call for heaven's blessings on your heads,
And so commit these colours to your hands,
In the firm trust that all those hands are brave,
And all the hearts that rule those hands are true,
Nor ever will the sacred trust betray,
So shall we never rue this happy day."

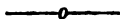
The lady spoke, and at her words anon
The ensigns raised the glittering banners high,
And so the gorgeous colours floated forth,
And rustled in the soft and sunny breeze,
And then the men of Essex would have raised
From their full hearts a burst of loud applause,
But that their Colonel, on his chafing steed,
Advanced before their lines, and thus began :

" Fair lady, gentle ladies of fair Essex,
Not for myself alone I pray you now
Accept the thanks my tongue would fain express,
But for my gallant comrades and my men,
One tongue for many hearts, which rather need
A thousand tongues to tell the heartfelt throes
Evoked by that right bounteous courtesy,
Which hath not lightly moved you to bestow
These colours, your rich largess, on our band.
Nor yet alone for this our thanks are due,
Since well we know that long time for our weal
You've deigned to feel a care all undeserved ;
But not on callous hearts, or stony breasts

The rays have fallen which so oft have shone
Forth from your beaming eyes to light among
The rugged pathways of our destinies,
Up-rooting thorns, and planting roses there.
And so, fair lady, deem we justly now
You have but laid on this auspicious day
The noble key-stone of a stately pile
Whose every block is formed of favours past,
Fixed in the strong cement of gratitude—
A stately pile whereon each rolling year,
As on a firm foundation, shall erect
Grand structures of the self-same masonry.
And nobly have you crowned this fairy arch
With the rich flowers of your eloquence,
From truth's own garden culled—for 'tis most true
No traitor foot hath trod our Essex soil ;
The men of Essex, ever staunch and true,
Will guard with zealous care the sacred trust
Committed to their hands, at duty's call,—
If fortune, smiling now, should chance to frown,—
Each sturdy yeoman will be well prepared
To guard these sacred colours to the death,
Nor spare his life blood in the holy cause
Of his loved Queen and cherished father-land.
And while a smiling Providence vouchsafes
The blessed boon of peace throughout our land,
They still shall be the emblem of our faith
And firm devotion to our country's laws,
Binding our hearts the while in one long spell
Of deathless gratitude. This happy day,
This splendid scene, the words that you have spoken,

Fair lady, are not doomed to pass away.
No, they will live, while life itself shall last,
Gems in the casket of our memories,
Enshrined within the temple of our hearts."

Sept., 1858.



A LEGEND OF ROUSHAM.

COMMUNICATED TO THE AUTHOR.

THERE walked on the green grass, side by side,
A knight and a lady gay.
They watched the pale beams of the Autumn tide
On Rousham's old grey walls play.

And "Oh for a view which was faithful and true,"
She said, for she felt the spell,
"That wherever I flew would recall anew
A scene that I love so well."

"Oh I know a spell," said the knight, "full well
That never was known to fail,
I'll embalm the view that is so dear to you
In tints that will never pale."

The knight he has entered a dungeon dim
And all for the lady's smile,
In vesture white was apparelled the knight,
The saints she invoked the while.

Two tapers and were enough for him,
To call up strange phantoms there,
But he looked so grim, by that ghostly glim,
That I fear they were far from fair.

And I know full well that his potent spell
Raised a dragon breathing flame,
Who, fearful to tell, with a horrid yell
Took him back from whence he came.

And, mark what I say, since that dreadful day
In the house there has lingered a smell
That tells of the knight in his vesture white
Who wrought me that magic spell !

AND
Oct. 1



DIALOGUE

ON THE SUBJECT OF THE ABOVE LEGEND

Y. O wonder of wonders, they tell me a

H. So Rousham has dungeons! pray what of the chains,

And what of the gyves and the fetters?

D. The chains are of roses, you would never disdain
To wear them as one of the debtors.

H. And debtors to boot? *D.* Why, yes, don't you see,
All who enter the shade of its portals
Are dealt such a measure of rare courtesie,
You would scarce deem them common-place
mortals.

H. Immortals of course! that accounts for the airs
Being so charged with mysterious vapour,
Some fairy, no doubt, that was lodged unawares
Went off with a wonderful caper!

The gods of Olympus, when earthward they flew
To visit some well-favoured hero,
Disappeared in a blaze most brilliant of hue,
And lo, but the ghost of a Zero!

But lest they should chance by some shocking
mistake

To be ta'en for a wraith or a spectre,
They seldom omitted to leave in their wake
The ethereal odour of nectar!

D. Out out on your chaff, yet by Jove your remark
Contains just a fraction of wheat-ear,
For whatever the deed that was done in the dark
The odour is the odour of ether!

Then come let us see, this is how it must be,
When Olympus lost all its immortals,
The ether set free all came down like a sea,
Rushing out of its shadowy portals !

So ether and light in unwonted delight
Wandered off through the starry creation,
Till they came within sight of this planet so bright
Half awary of wild dissipation.

Then philosophers' lore to confine them once more
Was called into swift requisition,
So their liberty waned, and they now are constrained
To work in the gyves of a prison !

Boxed up without pay in the face of the day
In a tripodal camera obscura,
At a biped's behest predestined to test
The horrors of "*Pena forte et dura.*"

H. Ah ! now without doubt you have found it all out,
It was surely sufficient to rouse them !
A deed of oppression, e'en by your confession,
Done in the dark dungeons of Rousham.

D. Have a care, have a care, false caitiff beware,
Such things were ne'er heard of at Rousham :
Oppression and grief 'tis my honest belief
Must find other quarters to house them.

That wonderful spell, 'tis the truth that I tell,
Was an essay in art photographic,
I must ever bewail it was destined to fail
With a subject so wholly seraphic !

Oct. 1865.

TO MARY.

I HAVE not forgotten, dear Mary, when we
 Were staying together, last year, at the sea,
 That daily at dinner you sent me a letter,
 For which I have ever continued your debtor.
 But now that my debts I am striving to pay
 I will send you a missive as soon as I may.
 How sorry I was, I will not deny,
 To see you depart, and to wish you good-bye,
 For parting is ever most painful, I own,
 And grievous it is to be left all alone.
 Yet pleasure is all the more pleasant for pain,
 And did we ne'er part we should ne'er meet again.
 Oh ! who that has known all the pleasures of meeting
 Would ever surrender the prospect of greeting.
 And now shall I tell you what fortune designed us
 Soon after we left you at Ely behind us ?
 For myself, I should like of all things, it is true,
 To hear an account of what happened to you.
 Our train, the express, in no end of a hurry
 Soon whisked us away in a bit of a flurry,
 While you stayed behind in the midst of the line
 Incensed with an odour that was not divine,
 Apparently minus both engine and train,—
 Let us hope that you speedily found them again.
 I wonder if ever you tracked out the scent
 Pervading the carriage wherever it went ?
 Had I but my will with the Board of Directors
 I would fine and degrade them to odour inspectors.
 Or at least I would order them each a good dose
 And see it all taken by each bottle-nose !

And much should I like to know whether the chairs
Continued to dance and to give themselves airs,
And whether the table got tired at last
Of twisting and turning so terribly fast,
And then all this while I have never inquired
If Maggie was well or if Mary was tired,
If Sybyl and Florence drew steeds to their mind,
Or Alice for once at the journey repined.
All this and much more with the utmost concern
Already I'm looking and longing to learn.
And now I must tell you what happened to me,
Though little worth telling as soon you will see.
We lit on a father and son whom you know,
And talk never ceased for a moment to flow.
Uncle Bob plied the father and I plied the son,
And Cambridge was shouted before we had done,
Then out of the carriage I sprang like a shrimp,
And took a fond leave of my good brother imp,
For there—lack-a-day—we were destined to part,
So I laid my hand on the place of my heart.
It was not at home ! I must tell you that I
And my heart had just quarrelled—I won't tell you
why ;
But this you may know—it had just sallied forth,
For when I went south it preferred to go north !
Heart not being at home, I referred to my hat,
And made a low bow with a scrape and all that,
Then took a fresh ticket and place in the train
Preparing to start off to Marks Tey again.
At Marks Tey I had made up my mind to delay,
At least for two hours, for that is the way

The Great Eastern Railway is said to be prone
To deal with the wretches it claims for its own,
So tenderly leaving them time for repose
In hopes they may learn to make light of their woes.
But, so it fell out, by a mandate of fate,
A train, that was meant to be early, was late,
And when our carriages got in the way
Necessity caused it still further delay ;
So when it crept up, I was glad to creep in,
Delighted among many losers to win.
Arriving thus early at my destination
There was not much chance of a friend at the station ;
No vehicle there I was certain to find,
Too soon is as bad as too late to my mind.
Then what should I do—'twas not hard to decide,
An hour's good walk is as good as a ride.
No sooner decided than, lo, it was done,
And Terling's grey steeple soon gleamed in the sun.
My friends in astonishment opened their eyes
And hailed my appearance with looks of surprise :
Soon after we sat down together to feed,
(And lunch, let me tell you, was welcome indeed)
Then, when the said luncheon was fairly digested,
Her ladyship smilingly rose and suggested
We all should take horse and set out for a ride,
And I was commissioned to act as the guide.
The sun it was shining, and Essex would try
Its utmost endeavours with Norfolk to vie.
We cantered away, and ere long it was clear
That I had no little occasion for fear,
Lest having a vision more dull than the rest
I might be engulfed in a wild hornet's nest,

So out of the stirrup my instep I drew,
And hoisted one foot o'er the neck of my stee
When sudden he capered, and took little heed
That losing my balance I had fallen right back
And hung by my knees from the neck of my horse
I hung but a moment, when once more he reared
The heels that were pendant at once disappeared
And prone in the dust at the portals I lay
Amidst the gay throng—lack a day!—lack a day!
A damsel of wit, prone to caricature,
Soon sketched the sad scene, it would please you
I am sure :

I know not if Mary herself would do better,
If ever so sorry a subject were set her !
Now after this terrible scene of disgrace,
I have nothing to do but to cover my face,
And, since there is nothing more left me to tell
I'll seal up my letter and bid you farewell.
P.S.

THE ORANGE FLOWER.

A LITTLE charade once to aid
 The roving lover's part. I played,
 And Dolly was the saucy maid
 Who loved to flirt ;
 But I was sadly inexpert
 In putting on a tender spurt,
 While she was lively and alert,
 And far from coy ;
 And ever ready to employ
 All winsome wiles that might decoy
 Her backward swain, poor bashful boy !
 And nought, I wis,
 Seemed needed to enhance her bliss,
 But just the rapine of a kiss,
 Which he, quite wittingly remiss,
 Would not bestow,
 As deeming one, who does not glow
 With tender love he fain would show,
 To no such length should ever go :
 So he refrained,
 But she the more, with anger feigned,
 And captious petulance complained ;
 But yet not so her object gained ;
 For all her art
 Would not avail to touch a heart,
 So steeled against the winged dart
 By one too well remembered smart,
 And eke the curse

She glanced at Dolly's eyes again,
She added more, " but not to men !"
My silence sounded awkward then—

A pretty speech

Seemed only requisite to reach
The garrison within the breach ;
But I was very hard to teach,
And only bowed,

And smiled, and in my bosom vowed
To utter still no thought aloud ;
But then the shadow of a cloud
Swept by, I own.

Meanwhile the petals, quite full-blown,
Already tottering on their throne,
By heedless handling overthrown
Bestrewed the ground,

And scattered all their fragrance round !
What wonder then that Dolly frowned,
As deeming me a graceless hound,
While I dismayed,

In haste to soothe the angered maid,
Against my careless self inveighed,
And yet but little tact displayed
In gallantry ;

For while I praised their sweetness, she
Retorted, " well, it 's clear, I see,
Your sweetness is not spent on me."
Well, that was true !

But yet it sounded awkward too ;
She added more—" we'll hope that you
From some fair maid will learn to woo
Ere you return !

" Meanwhile farewell—now mind you learn :"
On her fair cheeks I could discern
No blushes, neither did mine burn,
As I replied,


And smilingly her taunts defied,
Content to hope that, if I tried,
I yet might win a bonny bride,
Without a fee,

To listen to my loving plea,
If fortune would but smile on me,
And keep me clear of penury ;
For it were hard,

That men who labour should be barred
From sunny love-beams—sweet reward
Of those who hold the winning card ;
And most unkind,

That fortune seemeth to my mind,
Which dooms a wretch, by art refined,
Whom chains of classic culture bind,
To live alone,

Should he no hoarded treasure own,
Or mate, if mate he must, with one
Who wakes no sympathetic tone
In all his soul,



Who, nurtured in another sphere,
Alone will lend his suit an ear,
To act a clog to his career
Throughout his life.

For sure an uncongenial wife,
Sad omen of domestic strife,
Must strike whatever chords are rife
With discord—no !

Give me a mate whose accents flow
In soft, melodious tones, which show
The harmonies which lurk below
Her heart's pure springs :

For sweet and clear true metal rings,
And no uncertain sound it flings
Upon the gentle breeze, which wings
Its melodies ;

Give me a mate whose tender eyes

The lovely form, and lovely mind,
The gem of purest water shrined
In jewelled sheen we mostly find,
 Though gems there are,

Which rudest setting cannot mar,
Which ever glisten like the star
That eyes the murky night from far :
 Oh, if it were

My lot to find one anywhere,
Methinks I would not quite despair
Of making all her life my care,
 If so I might

Her loving confidence requite,
And like a true and trusty knight,
Beneath her colours freely fight
 The live-long day.

No doubting then what I should say,
If she should take an orange spray,
And care to give the bloom away !
 Large interest,

My gratitude should manifest,
Nor should the love be unexpressed,
That owned the empire of my breast,
 The cherished bloom

Should save for me its sweet perfume,
No careless touch of mine should doom
Its wings to flutter round the room :
 Yet, if at all

Some single petals chanced to fall,
I'd sound no summons of recall,
But bid them fly to prove my thrall ;
 " For thee alone,"

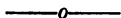
I'd say, " dear maid, they left their throne,
Thy sovereign sway, like me, they own ;
To nestle in thy path they've flown,
 For oh ! my sweet,

For whom were flowery path more meet ?
Whom most we love, we fain would greet,
By strewing flowers at her feet.
 Love, hear my prayer

And deign, oh, deign, my lot to share ;
That so, together, we may fare,
And all thy path may be my care.
 Yes, hear me now,

And suffer me to wreath thy brow
With wealth of orange bloom, I'll vow
It never graced so sweet a bough !"

Jan. 24, 1867.



CAN YOU ASK IT?

OH no, I will not tell you who
The maiden is whom I would woo,
But, if you like, I'll tell you what
The dower is that she has got.

Winning presence, loving face,
Beaming eyes, and fawn-like grace,
Airy figure, fairy waist,
Simple nature, faultless taste,
Falling shoulders, rounded arms,
Snowy neck, and budding charms,
Swan-like throat and dimpled chin,
Tiny hand, and velvet skin,
Taper fingers, rosy tips,
Silken tresses, ruby lips,
Pinky palms, and ivory wrist,
Veined with purple amethyst,
Slender ankles, tiny feet,
Features bright, and glances sweet,
Pearly teeth, and fragrant mouth,
Breath that apes the balmy south,
Keen perception, ready wit,
At the torch of reason lit,—
Polished manners, polished mind,
By the grace of truth refined,
Easy temper, thoughtful tact,
Prompt to govern every act,
Nature unadorned by Art,
Honest candour, tender heart,
Gentle accents, mellow voice,
Mark the maiden of my choice.

Nov. 14, 1867.

WHAT THE OBELISK IN KENSINGTON
GARDENS SAYS.

"IN memory of Speke," 'tis well !
 "Victoria Nyanza"—What ?
 "The Nile"—I never heard its knell—
 And "1864." Odd lot !

Methought that memory did relate
 To men and matters of the past,
 So soon as they had met the fate
 Which time reserves for all at last.

But no, it seems we were misled,
 That theory would never do ;
 Unless the Nile itself be dead,
 And dead its Lake Nyanza too.

So then—we'll enter memory's claim !
 She claims the future for her own—
 Why then our hero lives :—for shame,
 Why thus belie the speaking stone ?

The strange dilemma makes one cross—
 But stay, there's one escape remains,
 The monument records the loss,
 Sad loss, of some poor Ædile's brains.

Sept. 1866.

VANITY.

Πάντα κόνις, πάντα γέλως, πάντα τὸ μηδέν.

OH what is man since life began?

A vase of tempered clay,
Which surely must return to dust,
When spirit flits away,
Some summer day.

Oh ! what is life but ceaseless strife,
With sorrow for a mate,
Its joy half pain, its hopes but vain,—
As idly blaming fate
We find too late.

Oh what is earth, man's place of birth?
A pitfall ! oh, beware !
There near at home lost spirits roam,
And with full many a snare,
Our woe prepare.

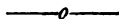
Oh what's the measure of all pleasure
That's found beneath the sky ?
A dreary chace at weary pace
After all vanity,
Mad mockery !

Yes, human joy is but a toy
That all too often harms
The mortals weak, who rashly seek
To court it in the arms
Of human charms.

But there is a heaven, and there 'tis given
Immortal man to know
A perfect bliss unknown in this
Benighted world below !
Who would not go ?

And seek it there where never care
Can canker holy joy,
Where no false sprite our hopes can blight,
Or mix a base alloy
Our bliss to cloy ?

Aug. 1861.



OUR EDWARD.

OUR Edward is blooming, bewitching and bold,
The deeds of his daring are not to be told,
There's none but himself can his doings retail,
Were I to attempt it, I doubt I should fail.

Our Edward is open and honest as day,
And that which he thinks he will certainly say,
His words may be quaint but are sure to be true,
He'd launch at a king what he launches at you.

Our Edward is wily and witty and wise,
His soul may be read by the light of his eyes,
His heart is as tender and tough as the gum
One moulds into flowers by finger and thumb.

Our Edward, though single, is a family man,
And claims to be chief of a comical clan,
A conclave of solemn and sapient fowls—
The emblems of wisdom, a posse of owls.

They cost him, he says, not a penny for school,
And find their own clothing themselves as a rule,
And, as for their food, are too glad to consume
The pests for which nobody cares to find room.

And then he asserts that they serve to recall
The loves he has lost, with their bright eyes and all,
The one he loves best he has christened Maria,
Sole monument of a long languishing fire.

For though he is doomed to a bachelor life,
We know he'd be only too glad of a wife,
If only his purse were as deep as his heart,
And he had his quota of wealth to impart.

We voted one owlet of quizzical grace
A caricature of his comical face ;
He loves the conceit, and good-humouredly tries
To ape the expression he reads in its eyes.

Our Edward is dear to the ladies, I learn,
And dearly he loves the good dames in return,
But since he can claim no fair nymph for his own
He cares not to smile on one beauty alone.

Our Edward's an orator, good at a speech,
His terrible sayings none dare to impeach,
His privilege others may covet in vain,
Encroach if you dare—you had better refrain.

Our Edward, when lately our party broke up
Eyed sadly in silence the dregs of his cup,
We deemed that the tears were not far from his eyes,
But no, 'twas a speech that was struggling to rise.

For sudden he sprang to his feet with a start,
And opened his mouth to give tongue to his heart,
We started to hear him come out with his text,
In some trepidation at what would come next.

Quoth he, "I am told that it's wicked to fall
In love with the wife of one's neighbour at all,
My mentor I thank for his wholesome advice,
My sentiments I will disclose in a trice.

"I've fallen in love not with one but with four,
And probably may fall in love with some more,
For say what you please, I shall certainly act
On nobody's rule but my own, that's a fact.

"I'm told I should love my good sister alone,
What greater absurdity ever was known?
She's all very well for a rubber of whist,
But does not so much as come into my list.

"When ladies are loveable, gentle and kind,
We're bound to adore them, at least to my mind,
And those whom we love, if we treat with respect,
The homage we offer will never reject.

"If those who are gentle be lovely as well,
What folly to deem one can ignore their spell,
Profess what you please, for I care not a jot,
Go practise your precepts and envy my lot.

“ Oh who could help loving, if he were to try,
Such Angels as those that I have in my eye,
Of all my dilemmas what puzzles me worst
Is, which of the four I should reckon the first.

“ I thought it was Emma a short while ago,
But now it must be the fair Fanny, I trow,
Her Ladyship smilingly sits at my side
And she must be foremost, whatever betide.

“ But she who presides over Fosbury Hall
Comes next on the Roster if not before all,
I owe her so much I should deem it were base
To let her descend to a lowlier place.

“ But next there are two who most worthily reign
O'er homes that I love, they are Margarets twain,
To find them thus low on my list I am loath,
Recalling the debts that I owe to them both.

“ One sits at the head of the table you see,
In voting her peerless you all will agree,
She smiles at me now with the sweetest of smiles,
No sweeter e'er hallowed these fair British isles.

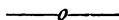
“ So blithe and so happy, she has but one care,
That all who surround her, her blessings should share,
If happiness were but her own to bestow
I know not who ever would own to a woe.

“ The other I speak of is known to you all
She reigns in the north at old Allonby Hall,
Like mother, like daughter, what more could I say
If all her perfections I strove to pourtray.

"What if I have placed her the last on my roll
The limits of space are beyond my control,
But if I knew how I would surely provide
That all these dear ladies should rank side by side.

"For why, I am sure, were the truth to be told,
All four are as good and as sterling as gold,
And so I will love them all dearly as long
As ever I live, and account it no wrong."

He spoke, we applauded, for why should we not?
The speech that he uttered will ne'er be forgot,
And long may there live, men who scorn to conceal
The grateful affection they worthily feel.



THE POSTMAN'S WELCOME.

OH! Postman, lazy Postman,
My eye is on the clock,
I am waiting, waiting, waiting,
To hear your double knock,
I wonder, oh! I wonder
What news I'll have to-day,
I long to read the budget
My letter will convey.

Oh ! Postman, idle Postman,
Don't loiter on your way,
You know how I am longing
To see your face to-day.
Sweet hopes, wild fears alternate
Within my bosom swell,
I wonder, oh ! I wonder,
If all I love are well.

Oh ! Postman, sleepy Postman,
You know it is past your hour,
And I am famished, waiting
My letter to devour,
I wonder, oh ! I wonder
What can the matter be,
I fear there must have happened
Some sad catastrophe.

Oh ! Postman, welcome Postman,
I see you on your round,
I hear it in the distance
The long expected sound,
Far down the looming vista,
The red speck I have spied,
I see it busy passing
Across from side to side.

Oh ! Postman, precious Postman,
How tardy is your pace,
If I were but a postman,
You should see how I would race,

I would have a loving letter,
For every loving face,
To keep a body waiting
I would deem no small disgrace.

Oh ! Postman, dawdling Postman,
What have you found to say ?
Oh ! it is a foreign letter,
And something more to pay !
What right have selfish people,
I would really like to know,
To deal in foreign letters
That hinder postmen so ?

Oh ! Postman, chattering Postman,
What ! flirting with a cook !
Oh ! yes, of course, I see it,
A mis-directed book ;
What can you have to do with
The muffs who make mistakes,
A letter-mausoleum
Was founded for their sakes.

Oh ! most provoking Postman,
Why there you have stopped again,
My flagging patience never
Will stand so great a strain.
Uncertain of the number ?
That scrawl is hopeless quite !
Could I but catch the writer
I would teach him how to write !

Oh ! Postman, good my Postman,
 Well now you have had your say,
 I hope at last you have finished
 Your gossip for to-day.
 He is coming, yes, he is coming,
 This way across the street,
 My heart, my heart is leaping ;
 There, can't you hear it beat.

Oh ! Postman, best of Postmen,
 I love your double knocks,
 And, best of all the boxes,
 I love the letter box.
 I'll hasten down to meet you,
 For Thomas has no *nous* :
 But what about the knocker ?
 Why, that's our neighbour's house.

Oh ! Postman, clever Postman !
 Why, that is number eight,
 And this our number seven
 Comes first at any rate !
 What ! what ! to-day no letters !
 And so you have passed our door !
 Oh ! Postman, heartless Postman,
 I'll hate you ever more.

Sept. 15, 1866.

THE CHRONICLE OF CROQUET ;

OR,

THE BATTLE OF THE CEDARS.

" OH, there were giants in those days,"
 We say of olden times ;
 But should our children make us
 The subject of their rhymes,
 They'll say, " When lived our forbears,
 In Queen Victoria's days,
 The game of Croquet first came in,
 Which gave them all a craze ;
 The ladies doted on it till
 They would not hear of beaux,
 Unless they were good roqueters
 To rid them of their foes.
 And men and women, old and young,
 All raved of balls and hoops—
 Pray do not fancy that I mean
 Those villainous hencoops,
 Which ladies to their sorrow wore,
 Because it was the fashion,
 While all the husbands fondly vowed
 It put them in a passion.—
 But Croquet balls and Croquet hoops
 Were certainly the rage,
 That fascinating pastime was
 The climax of the age."

So I will sing of Croquet too,
The noble game that's played
On lordly Terling's mossy lawn,
Beneath the cedar shade.
For is it not a noble game
Well worthy of the Muse?
And were it not a sad neglect
Due tribute to refuse?
For has not Chess its chronicle?
And is not Cricket proud
Of twice ten thousand trumpeters,
Who chant its praises loud?
And has not Whist, that silent game,
Which ancient crones adore,
Its thousand prosy chapters, too,
O'er which they fondly pore?
And had not each and every game
That has to us descended,
A multitude of celebrants,
On whom its fame depended?
And shall not Croquet, tho' its birth
Befell in our own time,
A child so thriving, and well-grown,
Be honoured with a rhyme?

Bring out the balls! just one apiece,—
You lads can bring a brace,—
Those various-coloured boxwood-spheres,
You'll find them in the case.
Bring out the hoops! and in the lawn
Let them be duly fixed,
Twelve arches of well painted wire,
Two sentinels betwixt.

Nor let the mallets be forgot,
With handles of tough ash,
To fight the battles of good friends,
And doughty foes to thresh ;
Bring out the merry players, then,
We'll have a merry game,—
Which this our trusty chronicle
Shall carry down to fame.

Here are the hoops ! the hoops are here !
But how shall they be set ?
If not by line and measure, oh !
There'll be a shindy yet.
Then take a peg, a painted peg,
And fix it in the ground,
And seven measured feet therefrom
Let the first arch be found.
A second and a third beyond—
Just seven feet apart—
All in a line with that same peg,
From which the game must start.
Then from the third let seven feet
Be measured straight ahead ;
Thence at right angles seven more,
A fourth arch there bestèd ;—
The first of triplet, Number two—
Like intervals between ;
Before the balls pass on so far
There'll be some grief, I ween !
Just such another space in front,
Another to the right,

A seventh arch will mark the place
Of many a gallant fight ;
Two arches more, at even space,
Complete the triplet well ;
Just seven feet beyond the last
We'll plant a sentinel.
Azure his helm, his visage pink,—
Black shoulders, vest of gold—
Brown waist he has, but orange legs,
Green socks his red boots hold.
This sentry keeps the half-way house,
The pivot of the game,
For you must know the starting peg
And winning post 's the same.
And see, the order of the dyes
That tinge his quaint costume
Denotes the order that the fight
Will probably assume.
But yet another triplet there
Is waiting still in pawn,
And we must find a vacant space,
And fix them in the lawn.
Then opposite to number four,
To numbers five and six,
At even space from three and seven
The last three hoops we'll fix ;
A figure like a crosslet—crossed
The dozen hoops will form,
And ready then the battle-field
For contest sharp and warm.
This is the battle-field, but where,
Where are the armies twain

To furnish us with champions,
With slayers, and with slain?
And where the generals to guide
The two contending hosts,
And lay the plan of battle, and
Picket the brave outposts?
Oh! who will be the leader bold,
To carve his way to fame,
And carry off triumphantly
The honours of the game?
It boots not friends as if in doubt
To put it to the vote,
For in the Lady of Terling
We have a chief of note,
Who oft hath led her well-trained bands
By gallant strategy,
Well worthy of a chronicler,
To glorious victory.
And is there not the gallant Baye,
A chieftain of renown,
Upon whose brow full gracefully
Would sit a victor's crown,—
Her name itself an omen which
Should confidence inspire,
And fill her lieges' hearts with hope,
Her champions with fire?
Yes, these shall be our generals twain,
Their forces they shall choose:
Oh, who will back the conqueror—
Oh, who is game to lose?
But stay! there's yet a knotty point—
A knotty point to solve,

Which first shall choose : how shall we now

This problem best resolve ?

There's many a pro and many a con.,

The contest waxes warm,—

'Tis such a very knotty point,

Dame Chance must still the storm.

Dame Chance, invoked by either side,

Is courted in mid air.

A swift revolver, not a *Colt*,

Is called for—have a care—

A royal face revolves in space,

But—not invoked in vain,—

When summoned by a noble dame,—

Descends to earth again.

By fortune favoured, Terling's queen

Is first to hoist her flags,

And forthwith summons to her side

Hight John, who never lags.

Then Baye, in turn, calls to her aid

A champion in green,

Whose prowess has been proved before

Upon the self-same scene.

Ned Orange, Erin's son succeeds

Upon the royal side ;

Black Jinnie is the third fair staff

On whose aid Baye relied ;

Pink Minnie is the very last

Whom Baye must count a foe,

Blue Margerie the friend in turn

Whom fortune's smiles bestow.

On either side the gallant hosts

For battle stand arrayed,

With parti-coloured balls in hand
And mallets all displayed ;
Which eager eye, which ready hand,
Shall now begin the fray,
Where all are eager to achieve
The honours of the day ?
For each is longing to be first
To breast the battle tide ;
Dame Chance must be invoked once more
The question to decide.

Oh, gentle Muse, erst wont to be
Enthroned on Helicon,
Whatever be the semblance now
Thou hast been pleased to don,
Incline a favouring ear, I pray,
And listen to my vows,
Whether in peacock plumes up there
Upon the cedar boughs,
Thou art enthroned, with velvet robes
Encircling thy fair breast,
With gorgeous fan of Argus eyes,
And eke a purple crest ;
Or whether in an humbler guise
It be thy will to smile,
From yonder spire among the trees,
Upon my task awhile,
A twittering swallow for the nonce,
Or black-eyed soaring swift,
That thy once-favoured Southern climes
Have sent, a summer gift ;—
Or whether on that old grey wall,
Wrapped in an ivy cowl,

In wisdom's seat thou hast assumed
 The semblance of an owl ;
 Whate'er thy seat, whate'er thy form,
 Whate'er thy pleasure be,
 Oh ! let me not invoke in vain,
 But condescend to me ;
 And let my strain, my merry strain,
 Be worthy of the fray,
 That shall be nobly lost and won
 On Terling's lawn to-day.

The die is cast, the toss is won,
 And Baye's impatient host
 Delays no more to take its stand
 Hard by the starting-post ;
 And from her ranks blue Margerie,—
 A champion fair and free—
 Steps forth with mallet in her hand
 To challenge victory.
 Before the post, a foot or more,
 Her bright blue ball is set,
 A steady blow the mallet gives,
 The issue's doubtful yet.
 Obliquely through the first curved arch
 The blue ball rolling ran,
 Upon the second arch it struck,
 And bounded back a span.
 But since a second stroke is due,
 She passes number two,
 And yet another arch is passed :
 What more can Margaret do ?
 Alas ! before the *fourth* curved hoop
 Her blue ball swerves aside \

The champion must strike no more :
Her watchful foes deride
The misadventure, and anon,
They raise a joyous shout,
And quickly from their serried band,
Their champion steps out.
Pink Minnie is their happy choice,
And, at her queen's command,
On her pink ball, and mallet pink,
She forthwith lays her hand.
Her weapon falls, and falls again,
She swiftly finds her way,
Through arches three, towards the spot,
At which blue Margerie lay.
But one more stroke is needed now,
To reach the helpless foe,
The stroke descends, the ball flies fast,
But fails to strike its blow,
And so is left an easy prey
For the next enemy ;—
What champion will Baye find now,
To chase it warily ?
Black Jinnie is the staff on whom
Our general now relies,
Her black ball on its mission speeds,
And, lo, pink Minnie dies :
For, quickly through three arches sped,
It smote that hapless wight ;
A skilful roquet then applied,
Soon sent her out of sight.
Black Jinnie then moved proudly on,
And passed three arches more ;

But, ere she reached the seventh arch,
Her brightest hopes were o'er.
Then forth the Lady of Terling,
Before her lines advanced ;
Her trusty weapon, wielded well,
Both friends and foes entranced.
Her golden sphere is quickly sped,
Through all the first three hoops,
And on blue Margerie's azure ball,
The royal chieftain swoops.
No mercy shown—no quarter given,—
Relentless is her arm,
Blue Margerie, sent to Jericho,
Can do no further harm.
Then further still the chieftain speeds,
On her victorious way,
And through another triplet came,
To where Black Jinny lay :
Once more her mallet's raised, and poised,—
The rival spheres soon clash,
Methinks a roquet soon will prove
Poor Jinny's hopes too rash.
In contact close the rival spheres
Are planted, side by side ;
The victor placed her foot upon
Her golden sphere, and cried—
" Make way for black"—then, with a swing,
She let her weapon fall.
The shock, transmitted through that sphere,
Sent Jinny to the wall.
The mighty chief relentlessly
Pursued her onward course,

Distanced her foes, and left them all,
Well-nigh without resource.
But yet that course was stayed at last,
The pivot peg was missed,
And gallant Baye herself in turn
Enters the grassy list.
Her russet ball it speeds right well,
And bids fair to retrieve
The failing fortunes of the friends
Whom she would fain relieve.
Her trusty eye, her steady hand,
Conduct it smoothly on,
The nine first arches safely passed,
The pivot peg is won.
When chieftains meet, and heroes clash,
The tug of war is seen ;
And gallant Baye's high mettle rose
So soon she saw the Queen.
E'en so, when on the training ground
Some noble courser strides,
Rejoicing in the matchless strength
His puny jockey guides ;
If haply some ignoble steed
The high-bred beast defy,
He cares not to exert his speed,
But carelessly glides by.
But should some colt of royal blood
Appear upon the ground,
With snorting nostril, flashing eye,
He springs off at a bound ;
Nor spur, nor whip, is needed then,
His pace is like the wind,

Nor speed, nor strength, nor spirit spared
To leave his foe behind.

Thus Baye, when on its grassy bed,
The golden sphere she spied,
Bethought her quickly who it was
Her prowess had defied.

Full well she knew no common foe
Had played that fearless game ;
With sparkling eye and ready hand
She took a steady aim.

'Tis thus erect, with breath half drawn
The lion-hunter stands,

His trusty weapon ready cocked,
And levelled in his hands ;

When from his dismal jungle lair
His royal foe hath sped,
And neither knows which one shall first
Be numbered with the dead.

Not aimed in vain, her russet sphere
Upon its mission flew,

And sought the royal chieftain's lair,
With impulse stern and true ;

Her gallant hosts in unison,
A shout of triumph raise,
With one accord they all unite
To chant their general's praise.

A knotty point is mooted then,
Of moment to the state,

How to despatch the prisoner,
The question for debate ;
Summoned the councillors of war,
The matter to decide,

Each had a view, and on his view,
And his alone relied.
A warm debate ensued ; in fine,
All were so far agreed,
The foe so feared by all alike
Must be despatched indeed !
Whereon the council was dissolved,
And words for blows exchanged,
In contact close the royal balls
Were carefully arranged.
Then Baye, with firmly-planted foot
Her own ball well secured,
And with a neatly levelled stroke
Her vantage ground ensured.
On towards the cedars, spinning fast,
The royal sphere was sent,
And down the grassy slope it rolled
Before its force was spent.
Alas ! it is not always true
That fortune aids the bold :
Baye's ball in quest of her arch foe
Too deviously had rolled ;
And with this chivalrous exploit,
Her fickle fortunes waned,
She tottered on the eminence
Her prowess had attained.
Obliquely aimed, her russet ball
Passed one more arch, 'tis true,
But quitting then its own straight course,
Beyond the next one flew.
No foe in sight to offer fight,
But one resource is left

Our gallant Baye, so ruthlessly
Of Fortune's smiles bereft ;
Discretion, Valour's aide de camp,
Suggests a prompt retreat ;
It boots not then to hesitate,
A chief should be discreet.
A last light stroke restores her ball
Its footing in the field,
Unwillingly to willing foes
The onset she must yield.
Hight Edward, Erin's valiant son,
Then steps upon the scene,
Ill-omened vision to Baye's hosts
His orange ball I ween.
He hurries on, no obstacles,
His onward course impede,
No barrier there that can impair,
Or check his fiery speed ;
For he has yet his spurs to win
Upon that battle-field,
And show his foes how Erin's sons
The shillelagh can wield ;
And ardent are the hopes that burn
Within his glowing breast,
And spur him on towards the spot
Where the great Baye's at rest.
For are there not some royal spoils,
Some royal spoils to win,
And eyes galore, impatient all,
To see the strife begin ?
The goal is neared, 'tis almost won,
And thrilling is the scene, .

But, oh ! there comes a slip full oft
The cup and lip between.
'Tis thus, when o'er the country side,
A rattling steeple-chase,
Led by some modern Pegasus
At a terrific pace,
Has just appeared in straggling file
O'er the last fence but one,
The gaping multitude exclaim,
"See ! Pegasus has won !"
Dame Fortune vows, for simple spite,
"Your Pegasus shan't win !"
The swift horse and his rider bold
The last ditch topple in.
Thus the great son of Erin's isle
At his last fence was tossed,
And, though his goal was full in view,
Found all his labour lost ;
His hopes, just raised so very high,
Had fallen very low ;
The orange foe that thought to give,
Was doomed to take a blow.
Then from Baye's ranks her aide-de-camp,
With arms of verdant hue,
Exulting in that happy chance,
Swift to the rescue flew.
A soldier he of little note,
And all unknown to fame,
Though for his sins, alas ! he bore
A very sonorous name ;
That name—the fact, though strange, is true
Gives an uncertain sound,

Since negative and positive
Combined in it are found.
May be it shadows forth to him
What Fortune doth betide—
May be she will at last bestow
Her gifts too long denied ;
But whatsoe'er her purpose be,
Of this there is no doubt,
She had a frown in store for him,
When he just then stepped out.
In vain he fought, in vain he strove,
To aid his gallant chief,
Before he reached the seventh arch
He came to sudden grief.
His colours were the last that Baye
Could bring into the field,
No champion more had she in store
Her bannerets to wield ;
And when he fell her cheery foes
Most visibly rejoice,
And forthwith summon to the fray
The champion of their choice.
The last, the noblest, and the best
Of all that valiant host,
The hope of Terling's line stood forth
Before the starting-post,
And seized his vermeil mallet,
His sphere of vermeil tint—
The royal hue a presage true
Of honours without stint.
The red ball bounded on apace,
Touched by his magic wand,

And turned not to the left or right,
True to the master hand.
No arch was ever set that could
Arrest his prowess proved ;
Nought recked he of the obstacles
That lesser heroes moved ;
Nought recked he but of enemies
With whom he might engage
In mortal strife, in combat close,
Such as great heroes wage.
Unless, perchance, his eagle eye
Could spy some friend in need,
For whose relief his matchless skill
Might prove a friend in deed.
So onward still, without a check,
Across the battle plain,
He strode in quest of friend and foe,
And seldom strode in vain.
Full in his path his verdant foe
In silent tremor lay,
Until a roquet, swift and sharp,
Despatched him far away.
His all unwonted silence there
Had proved of no avail,
Not all his caution could avert
The destined dint of bale.
And all the *noise* that he could boast,
When that mischance befell,
Was not one whit too loud and long
To sound his parting knell.
And still the victor hurried on—
The battle was not o'er—

Unsated with his victories,
He sought one trophy more.
Without a check he reached the spot
Where lay the gallant Baye,
With all his energies full strung
To pounce upon his prey.
And not in vain he took his aim,
And dealt a sturdy blow ;
His vermeil ball flew, straight and true,
As arrow from a bow.
In dire alarm Baye's scattered bands
Their chieftain's peril viewed,—
The peril she was powerless
To parry, or elude.
The royal spoils which fate denied
To Erin's valiant son,
Without delay became the prey
Of Terling's champion.
And so beyond the cedar-shade
High Baye perforce retreats,
And on those rugged grassy slopes
Her scattered forces meets.
The ruthless hero scarcely paused,
And dreamt not of repose,
He thought but how to aid his friends
When he had crushed his foes.
Nor long in vain with eager glance
His keen eye scanned the plain,
He soon spied there pink Minnie's lair,
And hurried off again.
Poor *pink*, who had been lying long,
Neglected in that lair—

Neglected by her dearest friends,
A prey to gaunt despair—
So soon she saw her champion
Advancing to her side,
Shook off her woes, her spirits rose
With all her pristine pride.
He came, he saw, he conquered ; time
Forbids me to record
Each chivalrous exploit by which
His friends were all restored ;
Till, flushed with victory and success,
He rested from his toils,
Yet rested but to lie in wait,
Expecting future spoils.

As yet the fray had been but play,
Real strife had scarce begun,
And many fleeting hours would fly
E'er victory was won.
For not till now, on either side,
Were all the troops deployed,
Now no reserves remained behind
To fill another void.
The fight waxed fast and furious
Throughout the livelong day,
Success to either fortune gave,
And took in turn away.
There stood the while beneath the shade
A motley group hard by,
Still watching, as it ebbed and flowed,
The tide of victory ;
For war is not a selfish game,
Waged for itself alone,

By passions started and sustained
Far other than its own.
A gallant soldier often dies,
And dies he knows not why,
Unless to win his meed of praise
From some loved captain's eye.
The captain, too, who leads him on,
But bows to higher laws,
Nor seeks too curiously to know
Each mandate's primal cause.
The very general whose sway
Is deemed by all supreme,
Is but a puppet who must float
Upon the whirling stream,
The stream of some mad king's caprice,
Or phrensied people's will,
Who think to put down right by might,
And wrest some good by ill.
It boots not why the war be waged,
Whether for wrong or right,
The warrior's task is ever clear,
His duty is to fight.
The fame he wins and wears will be
Reflected on the state,
The state loves well the man of war
Whose prowess makes it great.
So one and all are spurred alike
By eager greed of fame,
While hearts, by nature prone to fear,
Seem brave through dread of shame.
Yet what were fame, and what were shame,
Were there no searching eyes

To haunt the skulking coward's steps,
And hail the victor's prize?
So warriors love the gaze of friends,
And troops have many friends;
And where the troops are gathered, soon
A loving crowd descends.
What wonder, then, that on this field
A crowd expectant stood,
Intent as any close-cooped hen
Upon its wrangling brood?
There stood a knight amidst that crowd—
A knight of high degree,
Renowned in many a battle-field
For gentle chivalry:
Full often on that self-same plain
That knight had shared the sport,
And stooped to conquer, yet not far,
His stature being but short.
His visage it was somewhat dark,
Smooth were his raven locks,
His nose was like the eagle's beak
That scares the timid flocks;
His serried lips were firmly set,
His bright eye beamed with wit
That hastened, on his ready tongue,
His teeming brains to quit,
His brow, that never wore a frown,
Was wreathed with airy smiles,
His head was full of playful freaks,
His heart was full of wiles;—
He knows—few better—how and where
To sip the honey dew,

There's never another wight so skilled
The bitter to eschew ;
In camp, in court, in lady's bower,
An ever welcome guest,
The camp, the court, the lady's bower,
Re-echo with his jest—
A jest so tender to his friends,
So biting to his foes,
All velvet-tongued or venom-barbed
As he would deal his blows ;
And there, beneath the cedar shade,
He stood and watched the fight ;
For if it were not he, at least,
His shade stood there that night,
And marked how stubbornly Baye's host
Withstood o'erpowering odds,
Greeting each hero's gallantry
With bright approving nods,
Indulging ever and anon
In ready sparkling banter,
And quizzing every luckless wight
Who stumbled in a canter.
He marked how Terling's champion,
At each returning round,
In thickest mêlée of the fight
Was ever foremost found ;
And how the Lady of Terling,
Amid whose ranks he fought,
Herself ne'er backward in the fray,
Set all her foes at nought.
He marked how far each rolling ball
At every roquet flew ;

He marked each warrior pass in turn
Successive arches through ;
He marked how rose the fierce debate
When, down into the dust,
Some luckless wight by wave of war
From off the lawn was thrust ;
And chivalry, that deems it scorn
To smite a fallen foe,
Stepped in, with gentle courtesy,
Her favours to bestow,
Till some maintained, with show of truth,
That quarter was misplaced,
When that same favoured warrior
His captors had abased,
And by his very mishap turned
The fortune of the day—
That seemed but now to smile on her—
Against the gallant Baye.
All this he marked, and to his friends,
Who stood admiring by,
Discoursed full wittily and well
On laws of chivalry.

Meanwhile the day wore on apace,
Until the heated sun,
Towards the west descending, deemed
His race was nearly run.
All bloodless yet had been the fight
That raged on Terling's lawn,
And neither side had lost the hopes
They cherished at the dawn.
But now the sun was sinking fast
Behind the old grey spire,

And all the shadows lengthening crept
Each moment higher and higher ;
Baye's forces were all scattered far,
Far from the winning-post ;
Her foes were all united there,
And half-inclined to boast
The battle won, for victory
Seemed safe within their hands,
And hope itself seemed hopeless quite
To all her scattered bands.
But while there's life hope lives, 'tis said ;
Her motto's, Ne'er say die ;
And still amid the din of war
Was heard her battle-cry.
But the chill dews were falling fast
Upon the fading green,
The veil of night was floating down,
And mantling o'er the scene :
The dewy mists were mounting up
Towards the open skies,
The spangled vault had opened all
Its myriad starry eyes :
The deepening shadows screened her foes
With more than magic charm,
And nought availed the keenest sight,
And nought the strongest arm.
Some few would vote surrender, some
Would vote the battle drawn,
Some bid each wearied host retire
To meet again at dawn.
But oh, such timid counsels ne'er
On Terling's lawn prevail,

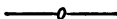
For weary though the limbs may be,
The spirits never fail.
Meanwhile the full-orbed moon above
The ivy mantled wall—
Her mild face peering placidly
O'er combatants and all,—
Majestically rose, as if
In answer to their vows,
And poured a flood of silvery light
Beneath the cedar boughs,
With spectral lustre lighting up
Each pallid face and form,
As though she deemed it well to still
The fury of the storm.
One chance is left, and only one,
Baye's fortunes to retrieve,
Her forces hail the moonbeams pale
As felons hail reprieve;
For that soft ray may light the way
To where the red chief lies,
Hard by the winning post in wait
For friends and enemies.
A shot, well aimed from a long range,
May bring that champion down,
And even now retrieve the day,
And conquer high renown.
No other peril stops the way,
No sunken rock or shoal,
For all her crew, so stout and true,
Are close upon the goal.
At last upon the dewy ground
His length a champion threw,

And poised an ashen mallet there
With steady aim and true,—
One lingering moment of suspense—
Since on that mallet's aim
Depends the fortune of the day,
The vantage of the game—
A last long moment of suspense,
And then the word is given,
The shot flies straight, applause is great,
The enemy are driven
To speedy rout, with many a shout,
And scattered far and wide,
No more to rally round their chief,
Or combat at her side.
A cry of triumph rises then
Upon the still night air,
And swiftly to the winning post
The great Baye's troops repair.
The chief herself, long since I ween,
Had reached the goal before ;
Now black, and green, and azure too,
In quick succession pour
Their forces down, and win the day
Without another blow,
And like victorious chanticleers
Indulge a hearty crow.
The victors with the vanquished then
With one accord unite,
And gather on the battle field
The trophies of the fight.
And shoulder arms, and homeward hie
In harmony so rare ;

And at the long-neglected board ;
Enjoy their sumptuous fare.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the fight we've won
Hurrah ! for the valiant host—
Hurrah ! for the deeds of valour done !
Hurrah ! for the fight we have lost !
Hurrah ! for the champions of the day !
Hurrah ! for the generals twain !
One cheer for all who have cheered the fray,
And soon may we meet again.
A cheer, if you please, for the cedar trees,
A cheer for the shaven lawn ;
One cheer I claim for the noble game
Whose star we have hailed at dawn.

1858.



IMPRESSIONS OF EGYPT
IN 1859.

WHEN a Briton is sick, he is sent, for a while,
For a change and repose, to the land of the Nile ;
'Tis a change, it is true, if not all for the better,
Repose as it may be, but not to the letter.
Now, if you would wish to know what to expect,
And are not predisposed my advice to reject,
If so be health or pleasure, physician or friend,
To that region of wonders your worship should send
If you'll lend me a moment your ears and your mind
I will tell you in brief what it is you will find.

'Tis a land of antiquities, Arabs and asses,
And attar, which all other scents far surpasses ;
Amber, aspicks, acacias, ants, alabaster—
What appears so will sometimes turn out to be
 plaster—
Bananas, bazaars, barley, backsheesh and barbers,
Blind, blinking and blear-eyed blacks armed with
 hooked sabres,
Buffaloes, which, averse to musquitoes and flies,
You'll often observe, without any surprise,
Just like hippopotami soused in the river,
Or drying their hides without even a shiver—
Barbs, beetles and beards, white bournouses and
 bats,
Bunglers, beads, bastinadoes, charms, Consuls and
 cats,
Caves, caravans, caverns, the cur and the Copt,
Who lives in a convent, close shaven and cropped ;
Carobs, carpets, cameleons, chaos and canes,
Comfits, cymbals, cartouches, Colossi and cranes,
Cataracts, castor-oil, collops, cotton and camels,
Crocodiles, conies, carrion, crows, and enamels,
Cavils, colocynth, caution, canteens and canals,
Cheats, capers, Cavasses, crates, cravens, cabals ;
Coffee, charcoal and Cangias, Cadis and cooks,
Whose craft never came out of cookery books ;
Cog wheels in abundance, with marvellous cogs :
Dôm-palms, devotees, doves, ducks, donkeys and
 dogs,
Dahabéehs, dragomans, dirty dusky Dervishes,
Dupes and dreamers, disasters and delicate dishes,

Deserts, dates, dirt, divans, dromedaries, and drums
Whereupon the dark Nubian dolefully strums :
Eunuchs, eyesores, Effendis and esculent eels,
Egrets, eyries and emblems, and eagles at meals ;
Fleas, flies, flax, flamingoes, fowls, fountains and fogs,
Fossils, falcons and fosses, grey foxes and frogs,
Filters, fans, fish, fruit, fictions, flats, flambeaux and
fasts,

Forty days over-fed on nocturnal repasts ;
Granite, geese, goats, gazelles, gnats, gum-trees and
goolehs,

Which last I may tell you are rare water coolers ;
Hadjis, whose hallowed journey to Mecca's great
shrine

Has entitled the rogue and the saint to combine,
Hawks, Hareems, herons, hoopoes, hyenas and
henneh,

Which Britons don't know quite so much of as senneh ;
Hakeems, hagglers and Hummums, hygro-calorifics,
Hubbubs, hyperboles, handmills and hieroglyphics,
Imauns, insects, iconoclasts, isles, inundations,
Islam, indolence, imposts and illuminations,
Ichneumons and idols, jars, jackals, jereeds—
You should see how the artists will handle their
steeds ;

Kophiehs, kites, kestrels, kids, kickshaws and kohl,
Which you will not conclude kith or kin to sea coal,
Since your wisdom will hear, without any surprise,
That it is but the paint Arabs use for their eyes ;
Lizards, locusts, leeks, lakes, and to be quite precise,
Truth compels me to add those small creepers called
lice ;

Melons, Mishmish and mummies, men black, red
and yellow,

All the three colours mixed make a Mussulman
Fellah,

Minarets, Moollahs, Muftis, mosques, Memnons and
mud,

The deposit is deepened each annual flood ;

Nude nymphs, with a necklace and girdle for best ;

Naked negroes and Nubians scantily dressed ;

Onions, oxen, oars, Obelisks, owls and ophthalmia,

A plague unaccountable in such a balmy air ;

Petrefactions, perfumes, pipes, prayers and polygamy,

For the present it lacks prosecutions for bigamy ;

Pigeon-palaces, Pyramids, Pashas and palms,

Plovers, pelicans, pumpkins, and quizzical qualms ;

Quails, quarrels, queer reptiles, reeds, Ruins and roses,

If indeed that sweet flower true attar composes ;

Sugar-cane, sandals, sycamores, Santons and senneh—

It occurred once before as a good rhyme for henneh—

Shadoofs and Sackéeyehs, smoke, sherbet and song,

Little music or tune to the ditties belong—

Scarabs, slaves, snakes and sculptures and singular

Sphinxes,

With fanciful features of long-buried minxes ;

Shiekhs and soldiers, with fezzes in lieu of a shako,

Temples, tombs, turbans, Turks, with tarboosh and

tobacco,

Vultures brown, white, and yellow, veils black,

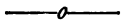
white, and blue,

Water jars, water-melons, and water-skins too,

Not an X till your exit will ever be found,

For the Arabic alphabet ignores the sound,

But abundance of Yankees much given to travel,
And yarns which are apt to be hard to unravel :
The Zingari owe it their popular name,
Who can tell if of old from its borders they came?



Now all these and a thousand more marvels, I ween,
Which travellers note if their vision be keen,
May be found in that narrowest, longest of vales
Wherein old father Nile's fertile flood never fails
To reward the poor Fellah's perpetual toil,
And mellow the clods of his honey-combed soil.
Not a winter there ever turns green to dull brown,
Not a storm ever sweeps the sere foliage down,
But the long-lasting summers for ever accord
Double seed time and harvest to add to his hoard,
While the Howadgee's eyes are amazed to behold
Both the fresh blades of green, and the ripe ears of
gold.

Yet wherever those life-giving floods are denied
Steril desert is there, and but little beside ;
Neither turf, moss, nor fern, decks the mountains
with green,

On their slopes not a shrub, not a leaf's to be seen,—
Through the length and the breadth of the grim
border land

Gray rock interchanges with bright yellow sand ;
Or the gloom of broad plateaux, bestrewn with black
stones,

Contrasts with the sheen of the Vulture-picked bones
Which the camels have here and there left by the
side

Of the wild desert tracks where they lay down and died.

But oh! why should we speak of the wild wastes which hide

In the rear of the low desert hills that provide
A screen to their horrors—they rarely intrude
On the realms of the flood, notwithstanding the feud
Which, age after age, has been known to prevail
'Twixt the terrible desert and glorious vale :
Enough if we tell that the yellow cliffs there,
Which gleam in the sun with a luminous glare,
Or wear in the shadows a soberer gray,
When the light fleecy clouds in the sky are at play,
So soon as the sun's car dips in the west
All hasten to honor their vanishing guest,
And don the gay mantles he gave them of old,
Those gorgeous trappings of crimson and gold,
Whose splendour is often-times able to vie
With the sheen of the vassals he groups in the sky,
To act as his escort or bid him adieu,
When twice in each day he commands a review :
But when he has taken his leave of the world,
And the shadowy pennons of night are unfurled,
They hasten to doff all their gorgeous array,
And quickly assume the most sober of gray,
Like true-hearted mourners, impatient to show
By gloom of apparel the depth of their woe.
He scruples to leave them so plunged in despair,
So sends his ambassadors back to declare
His weal from beneath the horizon, and lo !
We see them lit up with a marvellous glow,
Which chases the gloom while his bounty bestows

On his faithful adherents a mantle of rose.
The sheen of the stars—the moon's silvery reign,
Calls the yellow tints back to the sandhills again.

Enough of the wild desert mountains which fringe
The wonderful vale, and the rich hues which tinge
Their summits at eve, we must tell of the plain.
It looks like a sea, with its billows of grain,
Which roll like the waves on the face of the deep,
When o'er the broad cornlands the soft breezes
sweep :

A sea dotted over with islets of brown,
From whence the mud hovels of fellahs look down,
And tapering palms, most graceful of trees,
Wave feathery tresses aloft on the breeze :
While groves of acacia provide the cool shades
Where Bulbuls indulge in their sweet serenades,
And myriads of pigeons and beautiful doves
Never weary of telling the tale of their loves.

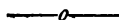
Delightfully lodged is the whole feathered clan,
But what of the lord of creation—the man ?
His hamlet is built, not by rule, or by measure,
But huddled together at each fellah's pleasure ;
Each hut may be haply some seven feet high,
The chances are great it is built all awry ;
Each room may, perchance, be as many feet square ;
At least, it would seem, that a larger is rare ;
Flat-roofed, with palm-branches laid roughly across,
As Paddy at home would lay bundles of gorse ;
Very rare are the windows, the chimneys are none ;
It haply may chance that the rays of the sun

May find their way in through some cranny or slit,
Which the fierce, scorching heat in the moist mud
has split :

No poor Arab fellah was ever yet known,
So much as a pane for his window to own.
A court-yard, it may be, walled in with dried mud,
Is the haunt of his hareem, and asinine stud.
He boasts of no garden : his cheerless abode
Would not be amiss for a fine British toad.
Yet, though his own hut be one-storied and mean,
In palaces dwell all his pigeons, I ween ;
Pyramidal palaces, painted, and fair,
With whitewash, and ochre, laid on with much care,
In fanciful patterns, and rugged designs,
Or bands of each colour in parallel lines.
Three-storied they are—in each story we see
The pigeon-holes clustered as close as can be :
A fringe of mimosa-twigs mostly appears
Built into the structure in regular tiers,
Projecting, it may be, some three feet, or more,
To serve as a threshold for each little door :
There clouds of blue-pigeons sit cooing all day,
In guard o'er their homes, while their friends are
away,
Enjoying their dip in the cool of the Nile,
Or lining the sandbanks in long, single file,
Or roaming the cornfields, in foraging quest,
Till the setting sun warns them home to the nest ;
An earthenware nest, of a conical form,
So cozy, so cleanly, so snug, and so warm ;
A family nest, in which each happy brood
Has a berth of its own, without fear of a feud,

And lives in enjoyment of daintiest fare,
Exempt from the burdens of sorrow and care ;
Till one of the clan has been captured, and bled
By the hawk who resides in the palm overhead ;
Or haply some British Howadgee sails by,
Who has seen in a vision a cold pigeon pie !
In the midst of each mound these palaces tower,
Far over the huts where the Fellaheen cower
And brighten the scene with their patches of white,
Which else would be sombre enough to the sight :
For, but that a straggling palm may be seen,
The desert is not so denuded of green
As many a desolate mountain of mud,
Which towers far out of the reach of the flood,
And looms o'er the plain in its robes of rich brown,
Begrimed with the huts of a Fellaheen town.

1859



SONG OF THE NILE DOVE.

NOT a breath of air can the north wind spare
To ruffle the glassy Nile,
And the drooping palm in the stilly calm,
Essays, but in vain, to smile.

Such a fiery heat, on his ancient beat,
Would have made an old Phoenix glad,
But the scorching blaze of the sun's fierce rays
Would drive a poor stoker mad.

The swift winged 'Dove,' the good boat I love,
Has folded her wings all day ;
With a look quite blank she has hugged the bank
Like a frog that is weary of play.

While the sable crew who but barely knew
How to croak out a feeble song,
With a drowsy drawl made believe to haul,
And lazily lugged her along.

The poor Howadgee, from over the sea,
From his chilly northern soil,
Would have breathed a wish he were but a fish,
If roast were not better than boil.

Yet he doesn't despair of a cooler air,
For his song has evoked a breeze,—
A breeze of balm is dislodging the calm,
And kissing the grateful trees.

So his chorus of crows, forgetting their woes,
Are hastily quitting their traces,
And coiling their rope, while a gleam of hope
Has brightened their Nubian faces.

For the rocks of Essowan are the utmost span
Of the trip the Howadgee is taking,
'Tis the end of the stage, and the Reis will engage
To reach it ere morning is breaking.

PHILÆ.

As from out an ebon casket,
Clasped around with bands of gold,
When the secret lock is opened,
From the velvet's mazy fold
Springs to light the treasured jewel,
Cast in nature's purest mould ;
So, where granite crags are blackest,
Where the piles of rent rocks lie,
Catching on their crinkled edges
Golden sunbeams glancing by,
Till they gleam gold-streaked and studded,
As they guard that deep defile,
On the threshold of the desert,
At the portals of the Nile :
There, from out the velvet bosom
Of the green and rock-bound stream,
Springs to light a lovely islet,
Like a jewel in a dream.
Crowned it is with ancient glories,
Compassed with a fringe of palm,
Fenced about with ruined ramparts,
Mirrored in the depths so calm ;
Graced it is with groves and columns,
Dight with cloistered avenues,
Still enriched with lively traces
Of their ancient vivid hues :
Temples there and towering Pylons,
Deeply graved with mystic lore,

Chronicle the forms and titles
Of the gods who reign no more ;
Gods adored by those old wizards
Who evoked the magic scene,
Which has left these glorious remnants
Of a splendour that hath been ;
Mellowed by the rust of ages,
Which have mingled in decay
Living piles, and mummied sages—
Titans surely in their day—
Titans who, within those cloisters,
Taught the mysteries divine, ;
While the Princes of the Pharaohs
Gathered round each sacred shrine,
Bringing tribute of their treasures,
Paying tithes of gems and gold,
Gracing with a regal splendour
Pomps and Pageants manifold ;
While the din of many voices
Woke the ringing echoes round,
And the pulses of the desert
Throbbled with rapture at the sound.
Hushed is now the chant and revel,
Hushed the voice of Prince and priest,
Vanished now is Pomp and Pageant,
Vanished now is fun and feast ;
Now no more the voice of laughter
Wakes the echoes on the shore ;
Egypt's sons no more are Princes,
Egypt's wealth her own no more !
Yet amidst the desolation
Of the silent solitude,

Where the horrid vampires cluster,
 Where the screech owl rears her brood :
 Though huge piles of chiselled granite
 Thick bestrew the cumbered ground ;
 Though a maze of high heaped ruins
 Chokes the cloistered courts around ;
 Still thy face, O fairy Philæ,
 Wears for us a winsome smile ;
 Still the stranger and the pilgrim
 Deem thee an enchanted isle :
 Still we hail thee, lovely Philæ,
 Brightest jewel of the Nile.

Nov. 1, 1867.



REPHIDIM.

FROM THE LEGEND OF THE HOOPES.

THE living waters murmur
 Beside the o'ershadowed tent,
 The warblers of the palm-grove,
 On harmony are bent.
 The bulbul leads the concert,
 The sweetest-voiced of birds,
 Her song I fain would render
 Into fair Saxon words.
 Hark ! hark ! she chants the glories
 Of this abode of bliss,
 In sweeter strains than ever
 Were whispered with a kiss.

Hark ! hark ! she pays her homage—

How well could she refrain?—

To that divine Creator

Who taught her all her strain ;

Who finds food for the hungered,

Sweet springs for those who thirst,

And gladness for the weary,

When sorrow's at her worst ;

Who gives sweet sleep to sweeten

The rest that follows toil ;

Who bids the Jujube flourish

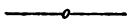
In waste and barren soil ;

Who fills the world with beauty,

The wilderness with balm ;

Who makes the cliffs of Paran

Re-echo with the psalm.



HYMN OF FERÂN.

ALL joys of earth must perish,

And pleasures pass away ;

Then why so fondly cherish

What's doomed to swift decay ?

Why linger by the fountain ?

Why loiter by the palm ?

Why not ascend the mountain,

And breathe the airs of balm ?

What if repose be pleasant,
And toil an irksome thing,
Why should the pilgrim-peasant
Luxuriate like a king?

The path of life before us,
Is wild, may-be, and drear;
Black storm-clouds hovering o'er us,
And foes there are to fear.

And time is short that waits us,
The hours are brief and few;
The night full oft belates us,
There's work enow to do.

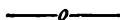
Then why delay to face it?
Our task we may not shirk;
What if no baubles grace it!
Play's sweetest after work.

A Polar-star will guide us;
The labyrinth has a clue;
And skill is not denied us,
To steer us safely through.

There is a prize to cheer us;
There is a goal to win;
Is there no guardian near us?
No heart of grace within?

Then, come, be up and doing,
And buckle on the steel!
Our onward course pursuing,
The shoulder to the wheel.

So may we hope to enter
A Paradise at last ;
Where endless joys will centre,
When toil's for ever past !



A SONG OF FERÂN.

How hard it is ! am I not right ?
To tear one's self away ;
When love and beauty both unite,
And gently bid us stay ?

How hard to quit a scene of bliss,
And change sweet love for toil ;
How hard to give the last fond kiss,
The tender suit to foil.

How hard to cause the rising tear
In beauty's eye to well ;
How hard to rouse the anxious fear
Affection cannot quell.

How hard soe'er, at duty's call
The Briton never lags ;
His heart may faint, his tears may fall,
His spirit never flags.

But peering through the mist and haze,
He scales the hill of doom,
Then sinks, unconscious of the blaze,
In glory to the tomb.

GENNESARETH.

LEGENDS OF THE LAKE.

BOSOMED deep among the mountains,
 Sleeps a lone and lovely sea,
 Fed by Jordan's sacred fountains
 In the heart of Galilee.

On its borders Eden's garden
 Sought and found a second home,
 When the second Adam wandered
 In this bright sequestered Nome.

Here it was that when rejected
 By his own, his native land,
 In his righteous wrath the Saviour
 Left a curse upon the strand ;

Cursed the lords of this fair Eden,
 Cursed the garden for their sake ;
 But his footsteps on the waters
 Blessed for evermore the lake.

Hence it is those oleanders,
 Robed in brightest crimson sheen,
 'Twixt those scenes of woe and splendour,
 Interpose their gorgeous screen.

Lofty, now, and proud the thistles
 Mantle o'er the dreary plain,
 Smiling once with joy of roses,
 Waving once with wealth of grain.

Lowly, now, and grim the ruins
Thick bestrew the tangled mounds,
Wearing once the pride of cities,
Deaf of old to Gospel sounds.

There behold Chorazin's sentence !
There behold Bethsaida's woe !
* *Kaffir-nahum's* dread confusion—
See the mighty all laid low !

On the western shore one city,
One alone escaped the doom :
Still its tottering towers are standing,
Wrapped in silence, robed in gloom.

Still the outcast sons of Judah !
Crowd beneath its ancient walls ;—
Strange that they should care to linger
In its half-deserted halls.

Stranger still that Judah's daughters
Look to see their Prince appear,
Rising from the silent waters,
Sleeping there so calm and clear.

This is why in Tiberíah's
Desolate but sacred town,
Every flat-roofed Hebrew dwelling
Wears an uncouth reed-hut crown.

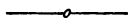
* Capernaum, now called Tell Hum.—Kaffir, in Arabic, means village ; Tell, a ruined village, a mound.

Sheltered there from dews of evening,
 Through each livelong Sabbath night,
 Fairest Hebrew maids are keeping
 Watch and ward till dawn of light :

Waiting if, perchance, the Saviour,
 Long expected from the lake,
 Deign to greet a virgin warder,
 Vigil keeping for His sake.

Cease thy vigil, Hebrew maiden !
 Well thy weary watch were o'er :
 He who wakes thy drooping eyelids,
 Treads Gennesareth's lake no more.

Thou, no doubt, wilt one day see Him ;
 He will hear thy wistful prayer,
 Treading not the trackless waters,
 But enthroned on boundless air !



TO RADWAY GRANGE.

A SONNET.

Low nestling in the bosom of Edge Hill,—
 Whose hollow combe is crested on the chine
 With ancient beeches blent with nodding pine ;
 And guarded by a tower, whose ruins still
 The purpose of their architect fulfil,
 The memories of that combat to enshrine,
 Where royal Charles first found the fates malign,
 And Rupert's headlong valour fared so ill,—

Secluded Radway ! stands thy ancient grange,
Embowered in spreading limes and poplar shades,
Among those sunny knolls where cattle range,

While peaceful warblers pipe their serenades,
Where once the war-note rang, oh ! blessed change ;
My hapless ears alone the clang of war invades.*

January 21, 1868.

THE RADWAY OBELISK.

A SONNET.

BENEATH the leafy fringe where Edge Hill peers
From out the beech wherewith its ridge is crowned,
From whence a hapless monarch heard the sound
Of booming cannon—aye, and ringing cheers,

When Roundheads reeled before the Cavaliers,
Yet saw how fortune on their valour frowned—
See ! flanked by branching limes on that green
mound

Its graceful shaft an obelisk uprears !

Memorial of thy field, O Waterloo,
And him who owned this field, who fought and
bled

In thine, a mightier tyrant to undo.

The Enniskillings there he bravely led,
And wore his riband here of knightly blue :
† But now he sleeps below among the honoured dead.

* On receipt of a belligerent communication from Newstead.

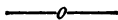
† Colonel Miller.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

LINES WRITTEN FOR

AN AIR OF MENDELSSOHN'S.

COME with me yonder,
 Where, by the river bank,
 Bloom the forget-me-nots,
 Azure, and gold ;
 Brighter than any gem ;
 Come, let us gather them,
 To call me to your mind in days to come.
 Then, when you wander,
 Where—in a foreign land—
 Never a loving face
 You will behold !
 You will remember me ;—
 Yes, I will think of thee ;
 The voices of the flowers are never dumb.
January 15th, 1868.



SOMNE LEVIS.

HAIL gentle sleep, death's image though thou be,
 Come not unwelcome to my couch and me !
 In thine embrace it is most sweet to lie
 Thus without life to live, thus without death to die !

1854.

THE LEGEND OF THE HAND :

A MYTH OF PALESTINE.

THE PRELUDE.

THINGS passing strange oft pass beside us here,
Though from the beaten track few turn aside
To spy them out, and ask what they import.
Strange tales are told, but they who tell them us,
Tell not of matters wrought within their ken,
But pass from hand to hand, and mouth to mouth—
Themselves but links of seeming endless chains—
Tales told them long ago—by whom unknown,
Or, if so be they haply know by whom,
They little know the true primæval source,
Or with what alien affluents the stream
Hath mingled, since it welled from out its fount.
And so the tales of wonder that we hear,
And hearing, tell, fall mostly on dulled ears—
Incredulous of all that fails to fit
The social sameness of our daily lives !
Who ever saw, and told that he had seen—
Who ever saw the one who had seen—a ghost?
Who has not seen the man who has been told
Of one, who, having witnessed, had believed
That ghosts unseen oft flit about our paths,
And, on some rare occasions, stand revealed?
Not much for good that ever yet I heard,

It may be not for ill—if neither good nor ill,
How passing strange that He whose sceptre rul
The land where spirits disembodied dwell,
Should suffer them to pass their own confines,
And wander back, as ghostly visitants,
Among the once familiar scenes of life,
For no especial cause, at intervals,
Inspiring men with terror and alarm !
Not even choosing those whom once they knew
And loved on earth, to cheer, and comfort then
Or haply make enquiry of their weal ;
But rather lighting on a casual guest,
In some sequestered mansion—evil famed—
Who, while they lived, had never crossed their pa
How still more strange, that if the path be clea
For those who care to come, and wander back,
So few should come, and by so few be seen !
And, what is yet more marvellous than all,—
Whence comes it that the spirits of the loom
Have power to weave their incorporeal webs,
And send the ghostly traveller back to earth,
Arrayed in shadowy vestments, such as those
He wont to wear among us, in old times ?
Who ever heard of one who ever saw
An undraped ghost ? yet have we not been tau
That we, alone, of all created things,
Possess within us an immortal germ ?
Can it be true that all material things,
Whose essence flame itself cannot destroy :—
Since it doth but resolve them all anew

.

Into the microscopic entities
From which the great Creator built them up.—
Can it be true that all material things
Will find a shadowy image of themselves,
All newly fashioned, in the spirit-land?
Most vain imagination, you will say.
And yet the bird, the famed Egyptian bird,
So often worshipped in the olden time,
So often hymned, and crowned by priest and bard,
And honoured as an emblem in our days,—
The Phoenix from its ashes rose, they say,
And laughed to scorn the all-consuming flames.
An ancient legend, cunningly devised,
'To symbolise the spirit's deathless powers!—
At least, it proves that vain imaginings
Were busy working, ever and anon,
In human heads, as even now they do,
Three thousand years—it may be more—agone!
But why go back so far to bolster up
On ancient pillows thoughts of modern brains?
Why turn aside to legends, when the land
Of science, last of regions late explored,
To wondrous marvels wondrous witness bears!
Who hath not read, or, little reading, heard
* Of him, who lately took a living Rose,—
A scented spray of leaf, and bud, and bloom,
And putting forth a stern, remorseless hand,
Exposed its tender fabric to the flames,
Until its every fibre lay consumed,

* See Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

A heap of shapeless ashes, on the glass :
When—o'er its relics pouring essences
Unknown to skilful alchemists of old,
Yet rivalling, may-be, their wildest dreams
In potency of reconstructive power—
He covered all the ashes with a shade
Of clearest crystal, fashioned like a bell,
And sat him down to watch : a vapour rose,
A shapeless mass at first—as once the cloud
Which issued from the bottle, in the tale
That Arab poets wove for Eastern ears,—
A shapeless cloud at first, and then—a Gin—
So now the vapour, seeming shapeless, soon
Took shape, and form, and, lastly, settled down
Into the perfect image of a rose,—
The very Rose that all in ashes lay !
What, then,—if e'en the ashes of a rose,
Which, mouldering, lie beneath the garden soil,
Contain within themselves the consciousness
Of all their former glories, in due time
To be renewed,—if so their Maker will,—
What wonder that our shadowy visitants
Should find a shadowy vestige of their robes,
'To clothe themselves withal upon their rounds ?
Granted, good sir, methinks I hear you say,
Just for the nonce ; that so, anon, we may
Take issue with you on your vantage ground :
“ But if, perchance, the robes of which we speak,
What time the shadowy owner needed them,
Had not as yet assumed the form of Ash,

But lingered on in substance, here on earth,
In close attendance on warm flesh and blood—
Must, then, the threatened visit be postponed,
For costume's sake, or, are there Artists there,
From whom, at shortest warning, ready made?—
Forbear, I pray you,—Well, one question more—
Whence comes it,—if their journeys be not barred
By matters of such very small concern,
Whence comes it that no ghost hath yet been seen
Clothed in his native lustre, unadorned,
As Adam erst, what time he found an Eve?
A truce to all your cavils, and your quips,
We've said our say—keep you your unbelief;
We will not say if we believe, or no,
The whole, or any part of what we hear,
And, hearing, clothe in new costume for you.
We wonder not that men, not over prone
To credit aught that cannot prove its claim
To credit by convincing testimony,
Should oft refuse their credence to the tales
That take their stand on such unstable soil.
We will but ask, if any man there be,
Who ever heard, unmoved, the thrilling tale
Of spectral emigrations, from the land
Where disembodied spirits are installed—
Of ghostly guests returning back to earth,
And communing with men of mortal mould—
And felt no thrill shoot through his quivering nerves,
And quicken all his pulses—in despite
Of all his firm resolve, and disbelief

In aught that lacks the evidence of sense,
Or still more certain witness of the mind.
'The fact is strange, yet no less strange than true
And bears it not its silent testimony
To the dim truth, we tremble to believe,
Yet fervently desire to prove true,
Who trust that, when our disembodied sprites
Shake off the fetters of their prison cells,
And close the eyes which carry through the brain
Down to the inmost chambers of the soul,
The vivid impress of the scenes and forms
Which mingle most in all our joys and woes,
Our sprites may still their consciousness retain,
Undoomed to tedious terms of listless sleep,
And look with other organs, other eyes,
Athwart the cloudless crystalline of space,
Upon the forms and faces that we loved,
And loving left behind us here below,
To mourn a while, and then to dry their tears,
And follow, somewhat blindly, in the paths
Which we were happily learning how to tread
What time we left them?—Yet if it were so,
Should we not long, and longing, long in vain,
To hold a torch to light their faltering steps,
And keep them clear of pitfalls, where perchance
We stumbled, and avert their dazzled eyes
From treacherous quicksands, or such baleful paths
As, seeming shorter, miss the longed-for goal?
It might not be—yet could we vainly long,
And, missing what we longed for, yet retain

The bliss we look for in the spirit land?
Nay more—if then to us should be vouchsafed
The utmost boon of keen soul-searching sight—
Could we ourselves, removed from reach of ill,
Behold the woe, that oftener far than joy,
Involved the beings whom most we loved below,
And seeing grieve not? In our grief again
Resuming all the heritage of pain
Which turned this erst-created Eden here
Into a howling wilderness of woe?
In very truth it seems but vanity,
And vain vexation of the spirit quite,
For us to ponder on what next will be
When we have left this mortal frame behind.
What must be will be, and what will be, must,
With little intervention on our part.
Enough for us that He who reigns above,
Who knoweth all things better far than we,
And scanneth all the future with His eyes,
No less than that which has been, and still is,
Hath well provided, and will still provide
Beyond our utmost merits for our weal:
What little now we know, or seem to know,
He doubtless hath in mercy all revealed
In dim and dusky outline;—just so much
As men might need to dissipate their fears,
If some should fear in death an endless sleep,
Utter annihilation of the soul—
And not by rumours only from the Bourne
Whence none have ever yet returned to stay,

Hath He allowed our heartstrings to be stirred
With varied signs of spirit life to come ;
But there be other strange phenomena
In which we seem invited to track out
The secret springs which work within our frames,
Unconscious still of all their latent powers,
And solve the problems of our compound being—
Our “dual” life, if so one be allowed
To phrase the fact philosophers affirm—
That half our minds, our bodies, and our brains
May be composed in sweet refreshing sleep
The while their twin companions watch and wake.
Yet who hath ever turned his eyes within,
And marvelled at the marvels in himself,
And thought to venture on the distant voyage
Of spirit exploration,—though he were
Well cautioned by the wisest of the chiefs
Who in that hopeless quest have led the van,
And by the best of pilots ’companied—
But soon hath found the breakers on his bows—
A labyrinth of channels—all girt in
By shoals and sunken rocks, with scarce a buoy :
What though some inlets be upon the charts,
And soundings noted—some few buoys laid down,
(All honour to the dauntless pioneers
Who risked their reputation in the work),
The passage through remains yet unexplored,
By stronger outworks fenced than Arctic ice,
Or the dread region of eternal snows.
What marvel, then, that where old Sages oft

Have lost their way, or failed to find the clue,
Small men of lesser note should go astray,
And, sooner in the mystic mazes lost,
Retrace their steps by still more tortuous turns?
Now let us, for a moment, lightly skim,
The surface of some problems which are apt
To thrust themselves upon our thought at times,
Soon to be left for keener wit to solve.
We know that soul and body for a time
By death will be dissevered—Do we know
That nought but death can sever them?—for life
Is clearly not the soul—'tis but the state
Of mutual relation 'twixt the soul
And this most transient home of flesh and blood—
Nor is it mind—since lunatics, whose mind
Is clearly gone (but whither? who can tell?)
Live on without it, and some idiots born
Have never had it—yet must have a soul.
But how define the soul itself—who knows
In what that wondrous essence of himself
Itself consists; it is not mind, we know,
Since lunatics who've lost the mind they had
Cannot have lost the immortal soul as well.
Let dual theories of mind alone—
Why here are four possessions all must claim—
Each one distinct, life, body, soul and mind:
Yet each can be dissevered, more or less,
From one or more, if not from all the rest,
Though all be indispensable to make
A perfect man: Now here we have in truth

A goodly nest of problems, hard to solve !
Then who can probe the mysteries of sleep,
That death in life in which, while we repose,
We seem unconscious even to ourselves ?
Yet all confess that while they sleep they dream,
Some thinking, wonder how it is they dream,
And thus attempt to solve the troublous doubt :
“ The dream is but the working of the mind—
We call it thinking in our waking hours—
If then the mind be working in our sleep
’Tis clear the body sleeps, but not the mind—
But then we sometimes dream, and sometimes rest
In sleep untroubled by a passing thought ;
So is it clear the mind doth sometimes sleep,
As doth the body, needing more of rest.”
We know that now philosophers affirm
That mind doth never sleep, nor intermit
Its energies of thought, albeit we,
For lack of memory, mind not of its work,
Or slightly dismissing it from our heads
With heedless inattention and neglect :
Who knows ? but yet, methinks, if so it be
We are divorced most strangely from ourselves,
For then our minds without our own volition
At their own choice pursue their lonely way,
Quite heedless if they have our leave or no.
I marvel not that most men should believe
That the mind mostly slumbers when we sleep.
Yet, sooth to say, I’ve heard the fact avouched,
There have been men whose minds, alone, have slept

The while their bodies worked accustomed work,
As once the famous postman, he of Halle,
Who, while he daily crossed the grassy plains,
Which, by recurring fences unconfined,
For miles and miles stretched right across his beat,
Was wont to close his eyes, and take his sleep
As peacefully as though his wiry limbs
Were cushioned in repose upon the turf.
But, at the utmost limits of the plain,
A deeply flowing river whirled along,
Spanned by the storied arches of a bridge,
And there his path, so level theretofore,
No longer straight, turned up a steep ascent,
By winding steps, scarped in the rocky soil :
There he was wont to wake—his body, then,
Needing the watchful guidance of his mind.
I care not now to dwell on how the Sage *
Dissects the strangely-vouched, authentic tale :
Content to sip of marvels, I pass on,
To tell of him who on a journey rode,
Companioned by a friend, who dearly loved
The fellowship of old black-lettered tomes—
To pleasure whom he drew a volume forth,
And from its pages, reading as he rode,
Imparted all the knowledge it contained,
Till, by his own melodious tones assuaged,
He sank to sleep, still reading as he slept,
With open eyes, but all unconscious mind ;
Most men would deem, and wrongly deem, may-be,
It was his mind that slept, and not his frame,

* Sir William Hamilton.

Whose muscles never ceased their vigorous play;
So not the Sage—I leave you to his page;
* But I pass on—to tell of her who learnt,
As children learn, the language of her nurse—
A Breton, speaking still a barbarous tongue,
Which none but Breton nurses ever speak,
And so she never heard it spoken more,
Since when the nurse had stood beside her cot;
And what she never heard, she soon forgot
That she had ever learnt, or ever known;
But, in long after years, when her own babes
Had grown to men and women at her side,
They heard her in the watches of the night,
Give utterance to the most uncouth of sounds,
Yet marshalled in set phrases, as if she
Were holding converse with the spirit-world
In accents understood by them alone:
'Twas Breton that she spoke, but, when awake,
Disclaimed all knowledge of her slumb'ring talk.
Was it herself who knew the barbarous tongue
She vowed she did not know? Let sages say—
But I have yet another tale to tell,
Of one poor German peasant girl, whose mind
Untutored in the wisdom of the world,
And all unprompted by a conscious will,
Absorbed the sounds of many a classic phrase
Of unknown tongues, oft muttered in her ears
By an old priest—her master in old times,—
And stored them up, unconscious of her store,
Till long years after, when the fever came,

* The Comtesse de Laval.

And, what men call, "delirium" had obscured
All reason, some might say, all mind of hers ;
And then her tongue was loosed, and she, who then
Could frame no simple sentence at her will,
Astounded all who heard her with the words
Of Hebrew sages, and old world divines !
Was it herself who spoke, who nothing knew
Of what she uttered? Let the sages say—
But I pass on to tell of those whom men
Have named Somnambules : you have, doubtless,
heard

Full often of the feats that they have done,
Asleep, with open eyes, and open ears,
Yet all unconscious—if we may believe
What of themselves in waking hours they say :
But, if I once should enter on the theme,
And tell of all I've heard, and all I know,
Or seem to know, I should but weary you ;
And if, thereafter, by an easy path,
Most natural transition, I should pass
To speak of what the Mesmerists affirm,
Who strain the dual theories of life
Beyond their utmost limits, and avow
Their energies untrammelled by the bonds
Of time and space—restrictions, which plain men
Have learnt to think that Providence has set
Upon the modest compass of their powers,
Why, I should, doubtless, find, that time and space
Would fail me, too, long after I had drawn
The last draught of your patience—pardon me,

That I have, even now, I fear, spun out,
Beyond due bounds, the Prelude of my tale,
Not altogether heedlessly, for I,
If erring, have of prepenance-malice erred—
I had a tale to tell, a wondrous tale,
Of marvels, fashioned in an Eastern brain—
We sober Westerns are too prone to think
That all the wisdom, for which once the East
Won world-wide fame, passed over to the West,
And left a race of simpletons behind,
Fit subjects for derision and contempt,
If not for pity—Heaven help our pride,
And suffer not the daylight to recede,
Which, sooth to say, illumines, as ne'er before,
Our once benighted, late enlightened Race:
But ere we spurn the men who erst received
The earliest rays, whose later glories now
We idly deem our own monopoly,
'Tis well to look at home and see how far
Stern facts and sad will prove our premiss sound.
We see our sages, wrapped in deepest thought,
Out-stretching still their feeble groping hands,
And plodding on upon the dim dark paths,
And painfully exploring the bye ways
Which skirt mysterious labyrinths of life,
Advancing or retiring, hand in hand,
As each keen eye may deem the rock ahead
An obstacle surmountable or no—
But they who enter on the labyrinth,
And seek the clue, are few—by far the most

Are well content to pass it heedless by,
And take for granted all that others choose
To offer them--and what if they who choose
Have nothing sound to give, or even worse,
Invent gross myths for their own selfish ends—
Men care not—gaping open-mouthed like fools
Inviting frogs to tumble down their throats.
And so, in this enlightened land of ours,
Gross superstitions still can hold their own,
And fools step out where wise men fear to tread !
The spirit rappers rap their spirits out,
And, gloating o'er the gold that so they win
Care little that their tortured dupes receive
Fictitious fables, with implicit faith,
As missives from the mansions of lost friends :
The wizard, boasting of his "second sight,"
And learned in the language of the stars,
Will read—his reading—of our future lives,
And find his fortunes furthered by his skill :
False prophets prophesy as ever now,
And dreamers dream vain dreams, and publish them !
The Mesmerist will send his *Medium* forth
In spirit, not in person—so he says—
To wander at his will about the earth,
And bring back news—the coinage of his brain—
But welcomed as a gospel by the crowd :
Nay, more he claims to sever at his will,
And at his will unite the moieties,
Not of his own life only, nor of theirs
Who yield a passive homage to his will,

But even finds some dupes when he affirms
His power to summon from their distant homes,
And manifest, at pleasure, to their eyes
The spirit-semblances of living men
Who scoff at his pretensions :—but enough !
Why still pursue the dreary catalogue ?
When this at least is long since clear as day,
That those to whom kind Providence has given
The wit that many never seem to miss—
Denying them a conscience, or, may be,
Accepting their refusal of the gift—
Will ever find a docile flock at hand
Whom they may cozen, to their heart's content,
To serve the purpose of their selfish ends ;
Since most men even here, in this our land,
Are much like sheep, all waiting to be led
E'en to the butcher's close, by any dog
Who hath a loud and persevering bark.
But one word more, and I have said my say,
I've sought to show that where the truth lies deep,
It is, at best, not hard to go astray
Unwittingly, and, for the Charlatan,
Most easy out of truth to weave a lie :
For he, whose studied purpose is deceit,
By twisting truth itself may best deceive.
The Myths of ancient times, most deftly framed,
Some for deceit, some for instruction's sake—
Do oft contain some hidden germ of truth,
And serve to show the working of men's minds
In other days, when as we proudly think,

Science as yet was robed in swaddling clothes.
Then—while we all are seeking after truth,
Withstanding to the utmost of our power
The base impostor's interested guile,
Yet conscious of the dangers which beset
Our footsteps, wavering still in doubtful paths—
Let us beware of lack of charity,
Nor be too quick to cast the myth aside
Till we have made it yield the hidden truth
Which haply hath much helped it to allure ;
The veriest fable keen wit ever coined
May be but truth distorted, I am sure.
Now for my tale—it happened long ago
In Palestine's fair borders—so they say—
At least it is a legend of the land ;
But though it be too strange by far for truth
I've met with mesmerists who gravely vouched,
And scrupled not to canvass for belief
In incidents as strange, and, what is more,
With men of mark who listened and believed !

END OF PRELUDE.

THE LEGEND OF THE HAND :

A MYTH OF PALESTINE.

IT was the witching hour of ebbing day,
 While towards his ocean bath the full orb'd sun
 Was sinking fast, one glorious spring-tide eve—
 Tinting the silver hills with ruddy glow,
 The silver hills, with olive dotted o'er,
 That round about Mount Zion's borders rise.
 Already Moab's mountains in the west
 Had hid their purple faces in their veils,
 And all the feathered minstrels of the groves
 'That fringe the sacred Jordan's whirling stream
 Had warbled forth their latest evening hymns.
 The Bulbul only, thoughtless of repose,
 Much like her sister songster of the west—
 The tawny mellow-throated nightingale—
 Prepared to pipe her sleepless melodies
 Throughout the livelong night, as though she thought
 To soothe the ravening breasts that all night long
 Patrol the glen in quest of food and prey,
 And with her dulcet notes charm their bloodthirst
 away.

Already dusky sentinels of night—
 The murky shadows of the falling eve—
 Had taken up their silent quarters there,
 Though day still lingered in the upper air ;

For short the day in that sequestered glen,
Deep as the depths of ocean's trackless waves ;
At early morn the beetling mountain walls,
That fringe its eastern limits, love to throw
Their lengthened shadows o'er it, till the sun-
From the far east up-rising, high in heaven,
Peeps o'er their summits on the scene below,
And pours his fiercest rays resistless down,
To revel there, as they were wont to do
Within the regions of the torrid zones,
In far off Afric, so to vindicate
His jurisdiction, for a while defied—
But, when his daily course is nearly done,
Then, long ere he hath reached his western goal,
He owns defeat, and suffers evening shades
To share with him the empire of the day.
The yellow tips of Moab's crested hills,
Tinged with the purple hues that distance lends,
Then clothe themselves in glorious golden garbs
To pay their last obeisance at his court ;
Then Judah's desert summits, one by one,
In turn put on their gorgeous robes of state,
To greet the bright ambassadors he sends,
In gilded pomp, to bid them all farewell.
But when his shining retinue have reached
The royal city, there they linger on
In manifest reluctance to depart,
Among the gleaming domes, and storied towers,
And kiss the lichens on the ruined walls
With tender, loving, touch, and sweep across

The warm gray gleaming terraces, whereon
Fair groups of gentle Hebrew maidens love
To take their plaisance at the fall of day,
Among the labyrinths of prickly pear,
The luscious fig trees, and the clambering vines ;
Beneath the mulberry groves, and olive shades ;
And while away the cool, soft evening hours,
Beguiled with pleasant chat and simple song.

In that soft hour, so sacred to repose,
Sequestered somewhat from the vulgar throng,
Upon a lonely terrace, in the shade
Of three old mulberry trees, whose foliage,
With scarlet blossom gaily spangled o'er,
Hung, massed in leafy garlands, o'er their heads
Three Hebrew maidens sat, at ease reclined,
Exchanging honied words and sunny smiles.
Fast friends they were, and high-born damsels all,
For beauty none there were could rival them
Of all who dwelt in Zion's fair domains ;
And suitors not a few among the youths,
The gentlest youths of Zion, oft had sued,
As yet in vain, their favour, for their hearts
Were fancy-free. The chiefest of them all
Was Penuel's lovely daughter, Abigail :
And fitly was she named her father's joy :
The ripe pomegranate, in its crimson veins,
Could show no richer tints than those which glowed
Upon her dark and dimpled velvet cheeks,
Within their setting of soft raven hair.

Beside her sat her best loved bosom friend,
Fair Rachel, Amram's daughter, looking up,
With loving, dove-like eyes of deepest blue,
Into her friend's sweet treasury of smiles:
As on the distant slopes of Gilead's Mount
The grazing flocks of long-eared goats and kids
Stream down the mountain sides, and seem to clothe
Its gleaming form with wealth of flowing hair,
So now her silken tresses—unconfined—
Streamed o'er her falling shoulders ; for the maid
Had loosed their fillets in her playful mood,
And left their rich exuberance displayed.
But Miriam her sister, gentle soul,
Possessed her hand clasped in a fond embrace ;
A winsome lily-maid of faultless form,
Most delicate of feature, and so fair !
Her lips were like a little scarlet thread ;
Her drooping lids, fringed with long length of lash,
But half revealed the timid fawn-like eyes
That shyly peeped from out the softly pencilled
brows.

Such were the maids, so fair a group, I ween,
Might not be found, tho' from the break of dawn
One searched, throughout the longest summer day,
Among the bustling crowds that throng the gates,
And lounge about the walls, in gay attire,
Their chiefest joy to see and to be seen.
But they loved not the city's ceaseless hum,
Loved not the flaunting ways of citizens ;
They loved the mellow voices of the birds—

The mulberry shade they loved was far removed
From thronging crowds ; among the terraced slopes
Where Ophel's vines perfume the balmy air
With their fresh shoots.—The gleaming banks around
Bespangled with a splendour of bright bloom ;
The purple Buglos there, with branching stems,
Waved in the breeze ; the pale pink Cyclamen,
In scented clusters, crept along the ground ;
A blaze of bright Anemonies broke forth
And streaked the earth with flames ; while, o'er the
stones,
Rich crimson Wall-flowers reared their clustered
bloom ;
The Rock-rose there—the pale sweet scented Stock
And many another gem of beauty graced
The teeming surface of that gleaming slope ;
While, over head, hard by the Mulberry clump,
The honied fragrance of its chaste white bloom
Betrayed the presence of the Orange Queen—
The Queen of Perfumes—in her jealousy
She hardly brooks a rival near her throne,
And bids her humbler sisters veil their charms :
There too Pomegranates flowered, of all shrubs
Most richly robed in brilliant green and red :
What wonder that they loved to linger there !
And on that flowery carpet lie reclined ;
And twine the blossoms in their glossy hair,
Amongst the spangled grace of yellow gold ;
And weave bright garlands, in fond rivalry,
Each for the other, eager each to see

Her work the fairest on her sister's brow !
But while their nimble fingers plied their tasks,
For them the countless mellow throated birds
Would fill the vocal groves with harmony.
For them the golden-plumaged warbler, perched
Upon the topmost spray of neighbouring trees,
Would pour forth all her soul in melody ;
And less aspiring songsters, from the depths
Of leafy thickets, take up the refrain—
For them the whistling Merops in mid air
Would wheel, in circling flights, the while she skims
In swift pursuit of honey-laden bees,
Proud to display the radiance of her robes
Of azure satin, glistening in the sun—
For them the lively Lizards would indulge
Their agile antics, coursing o'er the stones,
Among the golden lichens on the walls ;
For them the pivot-eyed Chameleon,
With matchless art, would feign all brilliant hues,
And shrinking not before their gentle gaze,
Forbear to swell with impotent alarm,
Or hiss its hideous passion in their face.
For them the distant murmurs of the stream
That splashed along the Kedron's deep ravine
Would lend its music to the melodies
* That Nature's fountains welled, but they the while
Would sit and listen, ever and anon
Exchanging bantering talk, as maidens do ;
Or haply, learning lessons from the birds,
Take up at whiles the Nightingale's refrain ;

And chaunt in chorus, or alternate strains,
Romantic love lays, such as maidens love,
And happy mothers haply love to teach ;
But when, may be, they'd had their fill of song
And merry-making, then, in sober mood,
By turns they told sweet tales of olden time :
And, if a thought of sadness ever came
To cast a passing shadow o'er their brows,
'Twas when some tale of olden chivalry,
Long treasured in their homes, and handed down
Through all the chequered fortunes of their race,
From mouth to mouth, from fathers on to sons,—
From lordly fathers down to grovelling sons,—
Evoked their sighs for all that once had been,
A heritage of glories, now no more.
And yet they loved the legends of that past,
When all the land flowed full of oil and wine,
And filled the vats no stranger dared to spoil ;
When never harvests waved for foreign lords ;
When all fair Zion's streets were paved with gold,
And silver was accounted little worth ;
When, in its jewelled lustre, proudly shone
The noble Fane that Solomon had reared,
The glory of his kingdom, and the pride
Of that proud race who deemed that they, alone
Of all the world, possessed the love of heaven.
Then Zion's bulwarks,—none but giants could
Have hewn those ponderous rocks, and reared them
there,—
Had never known a breach, or drawn a tear,

Then glorious towers stood where ruins now,
On ruin heaped, with desolation crowned
The mounded soil—the tomb of palaces
Within whose courts the vassal princes walked,
And subject kings did homage—Then the sons
Of Judah all were lions ;—now, alas !
They knew not how to roar ; they could but wail ;
And Judah's daughters weep to tell the tale.

Such thoughts at times would break upon their joys,
And waft a passing cloud, but not for long ;
They had not sought the solitude to weep,
But there, in joyous pastime, to beguile
The happy evening hours with merry mirth,
A loving triad—lovely and beloved—
But most beloved of all was Abigail.

Now so it chanced that at the self-same hour,
Within the courts of Zion, in the schools,
Three noble youths were sitting, at the feet
Of one of all the doctors who was deemed
Most deeply versed in old Talmudist lore.
Jeshuron was his name—a Rabbi famed
For learning in the lore of by-gone days
Wherever Hebrews love the Hebrew tongue.
For him no problem framed by ancient Sage
Remained unsolved—and all that he had learnt
He had the skill, nor lacked the will, to teach :
So all the noblest youth of Palestine
Hung on his lips, while men of riper years

Did not disdain to seek his counsels too.
Among the brilliant scholars in his schools
Whom most he favoured for their diligence,
And keenness of perception, there were three
Whom few could vie with, never one surpass ;
But chiefest of the three, Salathiel,
For subtle wit, and patient industry
Of keen investigation, held the palm.
He from his earliest childhood had employed
The hours in study others spend in play,
Nor vainly now, in early manhood's prime,
Consumed the midnight oil. Long since for him
The Talmud's deepest mysteries were unveiled.
It may be Rabbi Hakkodesh himself,
When first the sacred Mishna he inscribed
On vellum rolls, had not more closely weighed
The sacred text, nor all the later Scribes
Who, heaping Gemmara on Gemmara,
Too oft had made obscurity itself
Obscurer still, by endless commentary.—
For him the mines of old Chaldee research
In all the Targums were long since explored ;
And now he strove to sound the utmost depth
Presumptuous man had ever dared to tread,
Lost in the maze of cabalistic lore !
His cheeks had paled with study and deep thought,
His eyes were dimmed with vigils, and his friends
Much feared lest thirst of knowledge, and excess
Of learned labour had begun to turn
The balance of his brain :—But he was deaf

To all their warnings, nor would be restrained.
But sooth to say, they knew not of the goal
At which he aimed—for he had vowed to hold,
(Deep in his soul was registered the vow,)
Communion with the spirits, as of yore
Did Solomon the sage—so legends say—
And far and wide he had sought to gather all
That Sages yet remembered of the spells
The monarch practised :—Him no craven fear
Of evil Gins possessed :—no limit seemed
Beyond his aspirations ; nay, he thought
He saw his way to make his will supreme,
And bend all other natures to his own ;
And deemed within his grasp the faculty
Of severing, at will, the bonds which held
His spirit chained within corporeal walls,
And taking spirit-flights about the world,
Without the cumbrous shackles of the flesh ;
Returning at his pleasure, to resume
Corporeal habitation—such his dream !—
And haply in his soul-entranced flights
Of mystic contemplation wholly lost,
His soul had left his body, once for all,
Without his leave or licence—long ago—
But that one spell, more potent than the spells
He loved to work, enchained him—for he loved
With all the boundless passion of his heart—
But yet had loved in vain, in vain had sued ;
For she whom he had chosen for his love
Withheld her love, and her fond parents feared

To wed her to a mystic :—such the dread
That now possessed his best and dearest friends,
Who saw him now no longer, as of old,
Beloved by all his fellows, ever prompt
To lend a helping hand in all their straits,
And cheer them on, by kindly glance and smile,
In all their tasks and problems—So he had won
Their favour, and become the boast and pride
Of old Jeshuron—but of late he had grown
Morose and moody—prone to sit apart
In silent meditation—self absorbed—
And though at times he still, as if by force
Of habit would resume his ancient seat,
The streams of limpid eloquence that flowed
From the old Rabbi's lips, in liquid tones,
No longer found a channel through his ears
To reach his brain :—He listened, as it seemed,
But only heard the murmuring from within,—
The musings of his self-enraptured soul !—
So now in moody silence, there he sat,
And Suleiman and Othniel the friends
He once had loved as brothers—now, alas !
Estranged, but not by act or deed of theirs—
Sat near him ; grief and anguish filled
Their faithful hearts, to see the gloomy change
That had of late passed o'er him, but the cause
They knew not—nor could guess—and so they
watched,
But watched in vain, for any wakening gleam
Of the old affection kindling in his eyes—

Full often he had snatched the prize away
That, but for him, had surely been their own :
But envy never yet had come between
Them and their friendship for their childhood's
friend :

His triumphs they had fondly deemed their own ;
And with him oft rejoiced for victories won
Over themselves : for long their paths had lain
In one direction—Why they had at length
So far diverged, was quite beyond their ken :
Or why he stood aloof, as now he did,
And spurned alike their counsel and their aid,
Withholding all his confidence—no more
The open-hearted friend he once had been—
They well might dread the failure of his brain
By labour over wrought—or, such their fear,
Distracted by secret grief—he seemed to pine,
And daily grew more wan and thin they thought.
They could not mend the mischief, so they watched
In sadness, hoping little—fearing much
Some imminent and sad catastrophe.
And, more than ever, on that day he seemed,
Unlike his former self, and so they watched
More closely still—until at length they saw
His pale face grow still paler, and the light
Which still illumed the splendour of his eyes,
Flash forth as oft the fast expiring flame
Makes one last vigorous effort ere it dies.
They marked the sudden flash, and saw the look
Of vacancy which followed, as he sank,

With drooping eyelids, straightway from his seat.
So sudden was the swoon, no friendly hand
Had time to stay his fall, till, at their feet,
His seeming lifeless form lay motionless ;
The life-blood left his cheeks, his pulses gave
No sign of life, he seemed to breathe no more.
Great was their consternation and dismay ;
But soon they gathered round, and gave what aid
They could—but all seemed vain, the lamp of life
Seemed quenched for him, for them the hopes of
years

Extinguished, while they sadly bore him home.
And so the sun went down. The shades of night
Were not so deep and lowering as those
Which on their kindly hearts fell like a pall.

Meanwhile the maidens, whom awhile ago
We left among the mulberries and the flowers,
Had woven many a chaplet—but the one
That pleased them most, a wreath of orange bloom,
In merry mood had placed upon the brows
Of Abigail, and burst forth into song.
I know the song they sang—I have it here—
And if you list you may essay the tune.
’Twas Solomon first sang it, it is called
“The Rose of Sharon,” come and hear it now !

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Chaunted by the Three Maidens under the Mulberries.

ABIGAIL.

I am the Rose of Sharon,
The Lily of the Vale,
The sweetest of the blossoms
That scent the balmy gale.

CHORUS.

Among the thorns the Lily
Is throned, a matchless Queen—
So is my Love of maidens
The sweetest ever seen.

ABIGAIL.

The chiefest of the garden
I rank the Citron tree ;
My love among his fellows
Hath won the same degree.

I sat beneath its shadow,
I revelled in its shade :
The cravings of my palate
Its luscious fruit allayed.

He spread for me a banquet,
He made me quaff his wine,
He waved on high his banners
And vowed his love was mine.

Come pillow me on flowers
And let me take my fill,—
My fill of Citron perfume,
For I am love sick still.

His left hand shall support me,
He is ever at my beck ;
His right hand shall encircle
The velvet of my neck.

CHORUS.

I charge ye, O ye daughters
Of Zion !—for the love
Ye bear the fawns and roe-deer
On Sharon's plains that rove,

Ye rouse not, nor awaken
My sweet love from her sleep,
So long her drooping eyelids
The guarded portals keep.

ABIGAIL.

The voice of my Beloved
My answering bosom thrills ;
He is coming o'er the mountains !
He is bounding o'er the hills !

He is lithesome as the Ibex,
He is supple as the Hart ;
He has bounded o'er the fences,
He will not soon depart ;

I see him at the window,
He wonders if I see ;
He is glancing through the lattice,
I know he's seeking me :

I hear him now, he is calling !
"Awake ! awake ! my love,
Come forth ! come forth, my darling,
My beautiful, my Dove !

"The winter hath departed,
No storm clouds threaten now ;
The rains no longer patter,
No more the wild winds blow ;

"The flowers all are blooming,
They spangle all the land ;
It is the time for pairing,
The ring doves understand :

"The fig tree now is budding,
So is the scented vine ;
Arise, my own beloved,
And hasten to be mine.

"Come forth, my own sweet Rock Dove,
From out thy niche within ;
And let me see thy visage,
And hear thy song begin ;

"For comely is thy visage,
Melodious is thy song ;
My eyes, my ears are eager,
My sweet Love, come along :

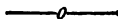
"We'll go and catch the foxes,
The cubs that gnaw the vines ;
We soon shall find the litter,—
Come, help in my designs."

ABIGAIL.

"He is mine, my own Beloved,
He is mine, and I am his ;
Among the graceful lilies
His grazing paddock is.

"Away, my own Beloved,
Go breathe the mountain air,
Seek out the wild deer's quarters,
Go chase the Ibex there ;

"Away, my own Beloved,
Until the shadows break ;
Until the matin warblers
The earliest echoes wake."



So far they had sung what time the expiring sun
Upon the far horizon seemed to rest,
As on the scaffold rests the criminal,
Already half deprived of vital power.
They stayed to see him die—when sudden flashed
A gleam of vivid light athwart their sight :
The lurid lightning in the murky gloom
Had never glared with so intense a glare ;
It dazzled them,—then, slowly waning, shed

An irridiscent halo in the air,
Such as we all, when gazing, through a haze,
Upon the electric spark might chance to see.
Then, when, with curious eyes, they sought to scan
The strange phantasma, all at once they saw
From out its centre suddenly appear
A small white hand—which, even as they gazed,
Came down and grasped the little velvet hand,
The unresisting hand of Abigail.
And then they seemed to hear a feeble voice,
And caught the words that came, in mellow tones,
Like music falling on their charmed ears,
“Haar at mekood-i-shet-li”—such the phrase
That bridegrooms utter to their happy brides
Beneath the marriage canopy—a hush,
And then the hand withdrew its gentle touch,
And like a white dove rising in the air,
Was lost to view—but they remained spell-bound.
Not long—for all that passed before their eyes
Seemed like a vision, in the dreams of night,
That comes unbidden, and departing, leaves
No trace behind it—other than a dim
And vague impression floating on the mind
That lingers for a while and disappears.
And so they marvelled not, nor were dismayed
Though they had seen what never eyes before
Had seen, and heard what never ears but theirs
Before had heard—so potent was the spell—
They did but pause a moment in their song,
And then, with fearless hearts, resumed the strain :

SONG.—PART II.

ABIGAIL.

“I charge ye, O ! ye daughters
Of Zion, if ye find
My own Beloved, tell him
Of all that’s in my mind !”

CHORUS.

“Who is he, thy Beloved ?
And how doth he excel ?
Oh, tell us, lovely lady,
That we may know him well ?”

ABIGAIL.

“Ye know not my Beloved ?
His portrait I will show,
The chiefest of ten thousand—
So shall ye surely know !

“For he is fair and ruddy,
His face is like fine gold ;
His glowing raven tresses
Palm plumage to behold.

“His eyes, so soft and dove-like,
With tender passion gleam,
As do the cushat’s—sitting
Beside the mountain stream.

"His cheeks are spicy caskets
Which balmy fragrance fills,
His lips are like the lilies
Whence sweetest myrrh distils.

"His hands like golden jewels
With beryl overlaid ;
His flesh, of ivory whiteness,
With sapphire veins arrayed.

"His legs like shafts of marble
In golden sockets set ;
His visage, like Mount Liban,
Gleams through its fringe of jet

"As Liban thro' her cedars ;
And, oh ! his mouth is sweet ;
And he is very lovely ;
His portrait is complete.

"And he is my Beloved
And he delights in me,
Ye dainty maids of Zion,
Come tell me, where is he ?"

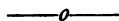
CHORUS.

"Yet show us, lovely lady,
For we have not divined ;
Thy loved one, whither went he ?
His tracks we so may find."

ABIGAIL.

“He went towards his garden
Among the balmy beds,
To browse among the flowrets,
And crop the lily heads !

“Ah ! there is my beloved ;
He is mine, and I am his ;
Among the snowy lilies
I see him—there he is !”



Now when their song was ended and the sound
Of their sweet voices wafted on the breeze
Had floated far away along the glen,
The shades of evening warned them to depart,
So, gathering up their garlands and their flowers,
They took the orange wreath—and, hand in hand,
They hied them home—and, with a fond good night,
Departed each one to her maiden couch
To dream sweet dreams of innocence and love.

Meanwhile his friends had borne Salathiel
In mournful trepidation to his home ;
And laid him on a couch, and vainly tried
What remedies the leeches could devise ;
And now they stood beside him, as he lay
To all appearance lifeless. They had spent
Their last resource in vain—they could no more.
But when all hope seemed hopeless—all at once

They seemed to hear a sigh, and see a sign
Of motion on his lips, and some faint tinge
Of colour mantling on his cheeks, and then—
No longer room for doubting—there appeared
A smile of satisfaction,—such as long
Had been a stranger to his face—yes, there ;
It played about the corners of his mouth,
And then his eyelids opened, and he rose
From off the couch whereon he had been laid,
And showed no sign of ailment, nor surprise ;
Nor seemed to heed the presence of the crowd
Collected in his chamber—but at once
Resumed his moody manner of reserve ;
And all the kindly greetings of his friends,
And loving glances of affection, met.
With small response, nor ever once evoked
A smile of recognition in return.
What duties hospitality imposed
He sullenly performed, and thanklessly
Dismissed them to their homes—but in their hearts
They greatly grieved that he should use them so,
And with such scanty courtesy requite
Their best endeavours, and their guileless love.
Much too they marvelled at the curious trance
Which aped so well the attitude of death,
And yet had vanished, even as it came,
And left no seeming legacy behind :
They brooded o'er the mystery in vain.
And so the spring went by and summer came,
And no light dawned on their perplexities.

But in his secret studies more and more
Salathiel was wrapped ;—and rumour coined
Strange tales anent his doings ; but the man
Himself was rarely seen—more rarely heard.
But Abigail the while, that lovely maid,
Grew lovelier ; and her fond parents deemed
The time was fully come that she should wed :
And so they listened to the suit of him
Who once had been Salathiel's bosom friend—
The gentle Othniel, Ebenezer's son,
Than whom no youth, more meet for maiden's love,
Was known in Zion's borders—for he came
Of noble parentage—a noble heart
Divinely beamed forth of his fearless eyes :
The thick curls clustered round his honest brows,
A ruddy face he had, and comely form,
And supple sinews—none so fleet as he—
So keen of sight—so eager in the chase—
He knew full well the haunts of wild gazelles,
And timid deer—among her granite crags
The Ibex knew him well—for well he loved
To breathe the mountain breezes that she breathed.
He had no need to spend long days in toil,
For prosperous were the fortunes of his house—
Yet had he not mis-spent his youthful days,
But long and deeply quaffed at wisdom's fount ;
And sat long hours at old Jeshuron's feet ;
And cheered the old man's heart with sunny smiles :
Salathiel surpassed him in the schools,
But in the rugged jostling paths of life,

He in his turn surpassed Salathiel.
Him then her loving parents chose for Abigail—
And when the blushing maiden heard their choice,
She would not say them nay—for she was wont,
Even from the earliest days of infancy,
To pleasure them in all that they desired :
So now she yielded dutiful assent,
And then—just like the timid fawn she was,
Ran off to hide her blushes in her room,
And haply muse a while in silence there
About the days of happiness to come—
When the full blaze of that mysterious sun,
Whose rays as yet had only dimly dawned
Through the thick veil of maidenly reserve,
Would burst forth in its glory on her life,
And pave her path with gold, and turn the stones
To sparkling gems, and make her home for bliss
A very paradise, where she would fondly play
The Eve to Othniel's Adam, and indulge
In draughts delicious from its honied streams,
And soothe her ears with those sweet melodies
That nature wakes on her Æolian harps,
When all the soul is tuned to harmony,
And two young hearts are beating, but as one,
In perfect unison. The sun of love,
The great enchanter, when he works his spell,
And floods his kingdom with his golden beams,
And weaves pure halos of prismatic hues
To crown each head that owes him fealty,
Can work such wonders still in cloudless skies !

But who can keep the skies without a cloud ?
And no such blissful reveries to-day
Were destined to entrance fair Abigail ;
For she had hardly closed her chamber door,
When sudden flashed across her eyes again
The spectral light, she once before had seen,
And with unearthly lustre lit the room—
Then waning shed a phosphorescence round.
But when her dazzled eyes could bear the blaze
She saw, amidst the glow, a spectral face—
A pale and mournful face with hollow cheeks—
Regarding her with soft reproachful eyes ;
And from its lips there came a feeble voice,
And lo ! the spectre claimed her for its own,
And bade her mind the former marriage vows
Pronounced upon the terrace in the shade,
What time the sun went down, one spring-tide eve,
Before two witnesses. And more was said,
But more the frightened maiden could not hear,
For fright had chilled the life-blood in her veins,
And awe relaxed the tension of her nerves ;
The glow itself grew darkness, for a haze
Fell, veil-like, on her vision, and the voice
Itself barred all the portals of her ears,
Her limbs resigned their office, and her feet
Withdrew the tender of their fealty :
She sank, like one inanimate, to earth,
And lay oblivious in a silent swoon.
But when at length her consciousness returned,
And she could knit again the broken threads,

And weave the web of thought, so rudely reft,
And muse upon the vision, then she knew
That she had seen the sad pale face before,
And heard the feeble voice in former days :
Salathiel's wan visage, she was sure
The voice, without a doubt, Salathiel's !
Then sadly to her parents crept the maid,
And told them all her vision—all her fears.
But sudden sorrow seized them when they saw
Her troubled face, and heard the touching tale
She gasped out through her sobs at intervals :
For they had rarely seen, in all her life,
Their darling daughter's eyes suffused with tears,
Or heard her sweet tones tremulous with fear.
But Penuel's stout heart in troubled times
Was little wont to quail ; so he remained
Incredulous—as deeming that her mind,
Unused to much excitement, over-wrought
By dwelling on the marriage rites to be,
And on Salathiel's oft-rejected suit,
Had conjured up the vision for itself ;
For he had little faith in visions,—none
In spirits, or their powers. The spirit land
For him had been a region all unknown :
No spirits ever yet, within his ken,
Had vexed his house, and wherefore should they
now ?

And so he strove to soothe away her fears,
And cheer her up with tender, loving words :
“ What cause had she for fear ? She should not wed

Against her will, and his, for all the powers
Of dreamland, while he owned a strong right arm.
And was not Othniel's, too, at her command?
Salathiel they feared not—why should she?"
But all that he could urge availed him not
To charm his weeping daughter's fears away.
It was no vain illusion, she maintained,
The Holy Besdin's aid she would invoke,
And hear his counsels—He, who was the chief
Of all the learned Rabbins of the land,
The secret of her visions would reveal,
And what their import; He would best advise
How she might yet escape the threatened ill;
And so her parents yielded, and referred
The matter to the Besdin:—He was skilled
In all the ways of spirits, and had read
The records of their communings of old
With him who was their master, Solomon.—
Alas! but little comfort could he give,
For he could see no valid cause to doubt
The maiden's tale, and deemed it dangerous
To seek to counteract, or set aside
The manifest foreshadowings of fate;
For more he feared of evil would result,
If they should thwart a purpose so revealed,
Than if the maiden's fancy should be crossed;
And so he counselled that Salathiel
Should be the accepted bridegroom, and the troth,
So marvellously plighted by "the Hand,"
Be ratified:—yet for the maiden's sake

Suggested that a twelvemonth of delay
Should intervene before the rites were held.
Such was the Besdin's counsel, but it failed
To shake the fixed resolve of Penuel
That Othniel, the bridegroom of his choice,
Should be the future mainstay of his house,
The pattern and the prince of sons-in-law.
In time he over-ruled his daughter's fears ;
And all the preparations were resumed ;

Rich were the gifts that Othniel prepared,
Rich gifts for Penuel, and for the bride
Jewels of gold, and treasures of the loom—
The choicest products of the Persian looms—
And all the spicy treasures of the isles.

So all the guests were bidden to the feast,
And Abigail put on her bridal robes,—
The snow-white robes that gleamed with broided
gold ;—

And over all the graceful drooping veil ;
But on her head an orange wreath she wore
By Miriam and Rachel's hands entwined,
The foremost of her bridesmaids on that day.
So all things were prepared, and evening came.
Then Othniel put on his bridal-crown,
And clothed himself in gorgeous array,
And bathed himself in perfumes, and went forth
With all his groomsmen, trooped, to fetch her home.
Loud clashed the cymbals, cheerily the lutes
Rang out their mellow greeting to the bride ;
And then the nuptial canopy was reared,

And all the troop was marshalled, and they moved,
A blithe procession, to the bridegroom's home :
And brightly flashed the torches on the train.
But when they reached the chamber where the
 guests

Were all assembled, in their gala robes,
To bid her welcome to her husband's hearth,
The doors had hardly closed behind the bride,
Nor half the words of greeting had been framed,
When, on a sudden, flashed the spectral light
Before the eyes of all, and, in the midst,
Was seen the small white hand—the feeble voice
Was heard to speak, in soft and silvery tones,
And all could hear the sentences it phrased.—
“ If I may not possess thee for my bride,
At least I claim one kiss, fair Abigail,
One kiss before I yield thee to thy spouse.”
Then all the assembled guests, with one accord,
Exclaimed, “ ’tis well—take two—and, if thou wilt,
Ten more, then go thy way and be content.”
Then every voice was hushed, and every eye
Was strained to see—the while with bated breath
They waited—then the echo of a kiss
Resounded through the silence of the room.
And all was still. But neither face nor form
Was seen to touch the lips of Abigail.
But they who watched the roses on her cheeks
Beheld them, in an instant, fade away.
Never a word she uttered, nor a cry,
But stretching forth her hands to Othniel,

And lifting up to his her fawn-like eyes,—
Ere any hand could be put forth to save,
She lay, a lifeless vestal, on the ground :
Her Othniel's face no more those eyes would see ;
That kiss had sealed her lips for evermore ;
The bridal veil was now a virgin's shroud,
The bridal wreath a chaplet for a tomb !

Salathiel that evening had been seen
To take his ancient seat within the schools
Of old Jeshuron—rarely now he came,
More rarely spoke—and sitting there, he seemed,
To all who saw him, self-absorbed, and lost
In mazes of deep thought and reverie.
And so they gave him little heed, until
Some thought they caught, upon his pallid face,
The look that once had heralded before
The coming of that dread mysterious swoon ;
And so it was—for, even as they looked,
They saw his eyes flash out a fiery flash,
And then his limbs collapsed, and down he sank,
And in a death-like trance his full-length lay.
And so they bore him home again, as then,
And waited, hoping that the swoon would pass :
But hoped in vain—his soul had taken wing,
And haply lost her way in devious paths,
And could not, if she would, again resume
Her ancient habitation :—so he died.
So it befell that on the self-same day
Salathiel and Abigail were laid

In the cold rock-hewn chambers of the tomb.
I do not care to lift the veil that shrouds
The grief of those who mourned them :—many
 mourned ;
All marvelled ;—all who heard the piteous tale.
But Time, the great Physician, who can heal
The deepest wounds that mortals can endure,
Assuaged the mourners' pain, and wiped away
Their tears of woe—and then again was heard
The sound of lutes and cymbals ; and there flashed
A glow of torchlight on two marriage trains :
Two bridegrooms, Othniel and Suleiman,
Led Miriam and Rachel to their homes.

Oct. 3, 1866.

THE END.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

I.

LYRICS AND BUCOLICS:

The Eclogues of Virgil, A Selection from the Odes of Horace,

AND

The Legend of the Sibyll.

[Now ready.]

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"For the greater part, however, his work is a decided success; for his (Mr. Noyes), qualifications are of no mean order. In the first place, he has the essential one of thoroughly entering into and appreciating the true spirit of his master, and even where, as we have said, he exceeds what we conceive to be the limits of a translation, we attribute it rather to his being carried away by his own muse than to his misunderstanding his author's. And here we have a second and no less important qualification for success. Mr. Noyes has a genuine poetic vein of his own, and his lines have almost always the ring of true metal. . . . We shall be glad to see what he can do when quite at liberty to follow the leading of his own muse; and unless we are mistaken, it will not be in the part of a translator that he will achieve his greatest success."—*Standard*, April 7, 1868.

"By the unclassical reader his book, we have no doubt, will be relished in a far higher degree than that of Mr. Brodie. His verses flow more freely, and in that respect approach more nearly, to the song-power of the originals."—*Leader*.

"He has treated the ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL much after the way in which Mr. Conington has treated the *Æneid*, and so far as the Eclogues can be mentioned in the same breath with the Epic Poems, his version of Virgil's Pastorals may fairly take its place by the side of Mr. Conington's translation of the *Æneid*. Mr. Noyes has not restricted himself to one metre. The variety adds to the interest of these BUCOLICS in their English dress, and the lovers of such poetry have here as pleasant a banquet as can well be set before them."—*Spectator*.

"There is a certain freedom and swing in these translations, which not only more resembles the brisk spirit and ringing tone of the original, but is truly refreshing after the stiff rendering which had been generally made of Horace's choicest compositions. We become grateful for new renderings, which, whilst they retain as much of the spirit and force of the original as translations can, vehicle the old Roman thoughts through sweet measures, and dainty rhymic melodies."—*London Review*.

"The translations from Horace are spirited and musical. His light epicureanism, and sometimes gay stoicism are happily hit off. The author has adhered pretty closely to the manner and metre of the owner of the *Sabbine farm*."—*Daily News*, from a review of nearly a column and a half.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS—*continued.*

"The feature of these clever and spirited translations is the free use of popular English metres. Mr. Noyes himself evidently prefers octo-syllabics, and it is equally evident that he can handle them with considerable skill."—*Literary Churchman.*

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